THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Current Comments

FEBRUARY, 1935

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S programme shows that its author has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. It reflects his old energy and courage which made him a great munitions minister and potentially a great War Minister, but also that disinclination for the rigorous application of clear principles which nearly cost us the war and actually lost us the peace. As in 1916, so to-day, he comes forward as the man who realizes that something must be done. Mr. Winston Churchill is right in contrasting what we may call the "atmosphere" of his speech with that of the speeches that had been delivered by the leaders of the present Government. But as in 1916, so to-day, Mr. Lloyd George's mind seems absorbed by methods. He will take swift decisions. All our energies are to be concentrated in the task of reconstructing. Hundreds of millions are to be spent. But we have not forgotten that the first unified command, under the first "War Cabinet" of ministers without portfolio, led to the disaster of April 1917, followed by the scandal of Passchendaele, followed by the crushing defeat of March 1918. The lesson of these shocking events was not that Mr. Lloyd George's first administration was deficient in courage, patriotism or energy; still less that the "War Cabinet" organization was bad. The lesson was simply that energy is not enough; that a bad plan will become worse, not better, if energetically pursued, and that a government which regards its function as being not to formulate and carry through a policy of its own, but to act as a clearing house for other people's plans and push them forward, will lack the necessary intellectual conviction to intervene effectively when those plans go wrong.

The Real Lesson of Passchendaele

THAT is the whole lesson of the Passchendaele business about which so much ink has been spilt. It is ridiculous to acquit the English high command of blame for this disaster. There was a dogged persistence in the most costly and unsuitable tactics which almost succeeded in demoralizing the army and led directly, by reason of the ruinous losses, to the March defeat. But the High Command nevertheless had a plan which was rational and coherent and Mr. Lloyd George's Government had none. Mr. Lloyd George had created a governing machine of focal executive power. It dealt with the Caporetto disaster and the disaster of March 1918 with speed and resolution, but it was powerless to prevent either disaster occurring. This was because Mr. Lloyd George misconceived the function of supreme government, which is not to create and direct *ad hoc* bodies for executive purposes, for which under a really strong government the established machinery is adequate, but to centralize and canalize the whole strength of the different branches of the executive to the simultaneous pursuit of a clearly defined policy. To revert to the war, it is a truism that an intelligent concentration of effort on the western front under a unified command and with adequate supplies of tanks could have ended the war in 1917. It is also more than probable that an equally forceful application of the "Easterners" strategy would have ended the war even earlier. The problem was in essence one of using our 1916 organization in theatres where it could be used effectively or of preparing for the late season of 1917 a grand stroke on the Western front with the new weapons essential to success on the front and on ground suitable to the new weapons. Neither policy was adopted.

The True Functions of Government

THE lesson of these old battles is very important for all parties to-day, because the same fundamental

misconception of the functions of the supreme government are reflected in Mr. Lloyd George's new plan. The National Government stands where Lord Haig stood at the end of 1916. Progress has been made, ground has been gained; the bitter anxieties of a perilous defensive against odds have receded into the background. But the National Government seem content with the old men and the old methods. They seem to have no hope but in a slow costly war of attrition against unemployment. Rather than attempt any spectacular effort they prefer to leave the issue to be decided by the efflux of time, satisfied that time is on their side. True, they have regained only a fraction of the territory lost since 1929. Foreign trade is only 57 per cent. of the 1929 figures. Unemployment is still over 2,000,000. But there is, they tell us, an improvement. We are moving slowly, but in the right direction. Cheap money, a balanced budget, a judicious balance of trade agreements and export subsidies, assistance to agriculture and protection of the home market will keep things moving slowly forward. With a real recovery in America and a real measure of appeasement in Europe the old system will begin to work again. And now comes Mr. Lloyd George, as he did in 1916, to say that we must move much faster. But this time we know too much to take Mr. George on trust. It is not enough to know that his aim is prosperity and that he is prepared to spend any amount of other people's money in attaining it. This time we want to be quite sure that the confusion of purpose, which is what lies at the root of our present troubles, is not also present in Mr. Lloyd George's mind. If so, it is a matter of mathematical certainty that Mr. Lloyd George's methods will intensify instead of relieving the present distress. His very energy will be our undoing.

Questions which need an Answer

WHAT are the ends in view? Does Mr. Lloyd George stand by private enterprise? If so, how

is he going to assist it by adding to its burdens to the tune of hundreds of millions spent on all his old friends—roads, houses, and land drainage? Does he stand for the home producer and the home manufacturer? If so, is he prepared to face the problem of our overseas investments in countries whose produce we no longer require? With his criticism of the Bank of England's policy every sane man will sympathize, including even those who cannot claim to have been wise before the event; but what is to be the new monetary policy? What guarantees have we against the sudden discovery of a financial Nivelle with a plan which will end as disastrously as that of 1917? That Mr. Lloyd George is the only man capable of getting us out of the mess he might get us into is hardly to be disputed, but his claim to be appointed dictator is not on that ground alone sufficiently strong. Neither do Mr. George's administrative proposals make a very warm appeal to the mind of 1935. We do not feel that glow of confidence to-day which suffused all ardent patriots in 1919, when Mr. George, with the borrowed laurels of Compiègne on his brow, set out to reconstruct the country by creating a Ministry of Reconstruction, and to refashion the constitution by setting up a garden suburb in Downing Street. Is the cure for industry and agriculture really to be found in the multiplication of government departments? There is certainly a case for constitutional reforms but not surely of this kind. The weakness of the present machine is its irresponsibility. Every government of recent years has sat at the feet of anonymous and often mutually contradictory experts to whom it has turned in the vain hope of super-imposing order on a fundamental chaos, and so avoiding the necessity of dealing with the evil at its source. The attempt was bound to fail, and Mr. Lloyd George's proposed intensification of effort will fail more resoundingly unless he can do what all his predecessors, himself most notably of all, have failed to do hitherto, and that is to make up his mind

before he starts to face the economic and political consequence of his policies. The restoration of agriculture means a check to our export trade and another blow to shipping; a producer's monetary policy means higher prices; a strong foreign policy means more expenditure on armaments; the development of the home market for manufactures means higher tariffs and less revenue from them. On the other hand the restoration of our export trade means the final destruction of our agriculture, lower wages, and lower taxes.

The Impossibility of Compromise

IT is on Mr. Lloyd George's own showing impossible to compromise between the two policies and at the same time restore employment. If, however, the end of one policy is to be employment, Mr. Lloyd George must turn his back on his old friends, co-ordination and rationalization, and the rest of it, and adopt as the criterion of his economic policy the test laid down by Mr. W. S. Morrison in his admirable essay on economics in that excellent book "Conservatism and the Future,"* which has just appeared. This test of economic health is not maximum production by huge combines with distribution relying on doles and pensions or through the wages paid to the temporary beneficiaries from a policy of uneconomic "public works," but "that volume of production of wealth which is most widely and most quickly absorbed totally in wages paid for work done." Only in so far as our reconstructed system conforms to this test will it provide a rising material standard without the sacrifice of individual dignity and status and without freezing the springs of private enterprise and so leading us on to the Slave State. Incidentally, Mr. Lloyd George must go a great deal further in defining the public works which are productive. Every plan for creating a new Utopia by the lavish spending of other people's money on public works has tried (as Mr. Lloyd George tried in his speech at

* Heinemann, 7s. 6d.

Pwllheli on January 19) to evade criticism by describing the works to be undertaken as " productive." Will the expenditure proposed produce the revenue to pay the interest and sinking fund charges on the money borrowed? That is all we want to know. We do not want to be told that the expenditure will be indirectly productive. We have twenty years of painful familiarity with expenditure of that kind. We do not want to see the one solid achievement of the National Government, the reduction of the annual debt charges, negatived at a stroke for the creation of " indirectly productive " speed tracks or mere amenities for small classes of the electorate. Still less do we wish to see that kind of grandiose experiment in reconstruction which relies for its economic field on the displacement of labour.

Mr. Lloyd George and the Political Parties

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S campaign will not, of course, attract a single serious Socialist, but it is greatly to be feared that as it develops it will become more and more grandiose, breeding more and more plans and commissions and controls as time goes on, and that it will end by attracting all the " planners " and providing a stable for all their different hobby horses. If so, there will be something like a war between the present Government and Mr. Lloyd George, each seeking to outdo the other in " plans," and so to secure the suffrages of wavering planners and to create in the country the maximum appearance of energy and " drive." Since no two planners have the same picture before their minds of the society they wish to build, the result will be more humorous than fruitful and the Labour poll may well be increased by the spectacle. If, however, Mr. Lloyd George, who has never quite lost the art of doing what is least expected, concentrates on agriculture and monetary policy, on which he has the whole country behind him, and instead of flirting with the planners turns on them his matchless power of sarcasm, then his intervention may even at the eleventh

hour prove fruitful for somebody other than Mr. Lloyd George. That would certainly be a triumph of the unexpected. The ultimate test remains the same for Mr. Lloyd George as for Mr. Baldwin. Is he moving towards or away from the Socialist State? He has yet to tell us.

The Independent Fellowship

WITH the Independent Fellowship, Sir Ernest Benn has laid the foundations of what ought to become a valuable movement. As Conservatives, above all people, are well aware, the difficulty with plain, common sanity or truth, is to put it out in such a way as to be understandable to the common people.

Somebody wrote to *The Independent* only a few weeks ago to suggest this Fellowship. The scheme will remind some of the Teetotallers' Crusade of half a century ago. Independent minded persons—and who is not?—are invited, as of old, to "take the pledge." Its terms are simplicity itself, so simple that on the face of it one would imagine that everyone can sign :—

> "I recognize that the State depends upon the man, and not the man upon the State, and undertake to do all in my power to revive affection for the Spirit of Liberty."

But when the terms are examined in relation to our public actions their significance becomes apparent, and possibly more irksome than some we approve of. For those who sign this pledge, instead of rushing at every new device for ruling and regulating everybody, will have pledged themselves to pause and ask whether its effect will be first to add to the burdens of the State and secondly, to limit our liberties. The device—or, as it will almost certainly be called nowadays, the "plan"—may be on the surface attractive; but, before coming to the conclusion that it is also wise, signatories will be bound to test it in the spirit of the pledge.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

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The Army in 1935—Signs of Recovery

By B. H. Liddell Hart

DURING the post-war years the organization and the budget of the Army have betrayed little recognition of the basic fact that mobile fire-power, rather than immobile man-power, is the gauge of strength and thus the index of value for money.

Ideas have changed, but structure has remained unchanged. There has been a striking development in the soldier's " picture " of future warfare during the past decade, as the deeper lessons of the last war have emerged through the strata of detail. But instead of a reorganization to fit the picture, only a bit here and there has been added to the old frame, or stuck into the more obvious cracks.

Under the immediate post-war " axe," the alterations were guided by the urge for economy rather than the aim of fitness for purpose. The infantry bulk was kept without serious inquiry whether it possessed or was supported by the means to act effectively. One hundred and thirty-six battalions have been still maintained: also twenty cavalry regiments, only two of which have been converted to a modern form of mobility. To enable the infantry to advance in face of machine-gun fire, we have continued to rely on what, by the gauge of experience, is an utterly inadequate quantity of artillery and tank support—a scale of one field battery to each battalion of the twelve in the division, and of one tank battalion for each division.

In view of the fact that mere numbers count for little in modern war, it has been astonishing how small a proportion of money has been devoted to weapons and means of movement compared with that spent on man-power. Thus in the Estimates for 1933, only £346,000 was allotted for guns and small arms, and £506,000 for tanks and motor transport of all kinds, compared with

£20,866,000 absorbed in the cost of personnel. Even a year later, the outlay on mechanized vehicles only rose to £694,000. These driblets appeared all the smaller by contrast with the American decision, in the interval, to mechanize in bulk—and with a grant of $10,000,000 to provide nearly eight thousand vehicles as a first instalment. At the prevailing rate of progress, one felt, the modernization of the British Army on a present day pattern could hardly be completed before it was somewhat out of date—say, by 2,000 A.D.

Happily, signs of a change for the better appeared in 1934. As a consequence, the depression which prevailed among keen and thoughtful soldiers is lifting. It is true that they have had their hopes raised before, only to be dashed, but this time there is more substance to build them upon.

In the sphere of promotion, which is bound to be their most personal concern so long as soldiering is a profession, the work of the Stanhope Committee has already brought a measure of relief. One step was the abolition of the "Ghost System"—under which general officers who retired did not create a vacancy until they reached the age limit or until three years had elapsed since their last employment. Colonels whose prospect of useful service in a higher grade was growing dim have seen the time of their promotion quickened by two years. And of those promoted, a large part will in future be retired after holding one appointment, thus hastening the upward flow. The still more mind-deadening plight of middle-aged junior officers with sixteen or seventeen years' service as subalterns has begun to be remedied, while fresh vents have been made in the middle block, through which promising officers can rise more quickly.

The most important need that remains to be faced is a reduction in the age of general officers, which is dangerously high in view of the quickened tempo of modern operations and their increased strain on mental as well as on physical resilience. Yet the average to-day

is several years older than in 1914, when a number of those in key positions broke down in the first weeks. With this qualification, there is encouragement in the fact that something has been done where nothing had been attempted before.

The training season, also, brought evidence of an increasingly realistic tendency and of a growing revival of the art of war. Not merely was movement in the dark more practised, to foil hostile air observation, but actual night attacks were occasionally attempted, showing that commanders are coming to appreciate that the certain dangers of advancing upon machine-guns in full daylight are greater than the risks of confusion in the dark—which can be minimized by careful training towards the cultivation of night-sense.

No less promising was the new recognition in exercises of the importance of distraction to prevent the enemy's concentration and eventually aid one's own. We may begin to anticipate a time when military theory will be brought into line with the practice of everyday life by acceptance of the plain truth that a narrow and single-minded concentration of force which allows the opponent to concentrate to meet you merely increases the obstacle in your path—it is a concentration of target and not of stroke.

It is especially important that those who set schemes should take care to provide the commanders with a choice of alternative objectives through which to attain their objects. For in this power of *variability* lies the best chance of deceiving and surprising an opponent, and the only chance of achieving true concentration—superiority at the decisive place. Unless a commander has a choice of objectives, he has a poor chance of gaining any objective. This truth, although obscured by the shallow thought and stereotyped doctrines of the last century, lies deep-rooted in the history of war. Through overlooking it we fell into so many bogs in 1914-1918.

It is, after all, mere commonsense. For, if the

enemy is sure as to your objective, he has the best possible chance of guarding himself—and blunting your weapon. If, in contrast, you take a line that offers alternative objectives you inevitably distract his mind and forces. You put him on "the horns of a dilemma." Without such power to vary, you can only gain your end by dividing your forces—which is a far more risky and wasteful method of distraction.

In actual war a commander, if he be wise, will take a line that threatens, and offers to himself, alternative objectives. In mimic war it is the responsibility of those who set the scheme to provide them.

The lesson is one that our official text-books fail to bring out. But their silence is hardly surprising. Official manuals, by the nature of their compilation, are merely registers of prevailing practice, not the log-books of a scientific study of war—a form of research that is hardly begun. Although one finds that the principle of *variability*—in the use of alternative objectives—has been constantly in operation, and was more or less intuitively applied by several of the Great Captains, it has curiously escaped the notice of the theorists of war throughout the ages, and so has not until recently been defined.

But it has been interesting to observe the working of the principle in present day exercises as well as in past wars. And it is significant that the most fruitful exercises in the last few years have been those in which a condition of variability existed. I observed a number of schemes, neatly framed, where each side had a single unmistakable objective. Despite their apparent promise, they ended in frustration and stalemate. In contrast were the unmistakable results obtained in several exercises where alternative objectives were offered and one was definitely attained.

In the sphere of Army organization, the year saw several steps towards modernization. The tank battalions were not merely reunited for training, but made into a permanent formation, and added, as the 1st Tank

Brigade, to the Army List. It is true that it was constituted from existing units, and that it is still equipped with 11-year old medium Tanks, which would be scarcely better than death-traps on active service. But a Light Tank battalion with a certain number of modern machines is a new addition. And the formation of the brigade is at least a recognition of the need for a strategic arm, to fulfil the rôle of mobile manœuvre against the enemy's rear, which the cavalry contributed until they were hamstrung by modern firearms, and warfare, in consequence, became paralytic.

The past year also has seen a serious attempt to resurrect the infantry as an arm of war—not merely an arm of the law in the less civilized parts of the Empire. If there is a long way to go before it can be assured of a real chance of advancing in face of modern fire-defences, the year's beginning has already done something to revive the drooping spirit of the infantry.

The chief development has been the design of a new pattern infantry brigade, in which the heavier weapons are concentrated in a special support battalion, while the other battalions are made more manageable by taking away the weapons that are predominantly defensive—the heavy machine-guns and anti-tank guns—and adding mechanized transport throughout. The trial of this new pattern is being carried out by the 6th Infantry Brigade at Aldershot. Personally, I welcome it above all as a token of reform and as the most hopeful way of beginning to transform the infantry to a new footing, and acclimatizing them to a new method of fighting. No resurrection is possible until we have rid our minds of the picture of the old-style infantry attack. This, nowadays, is merely a murderous futility.

Leaving aside the possibility, and legality, of new chemical agents, there are only two ways of attack that seem to offer any chance of success in land warfare—by *obscurity* or by *protected mobility*.

The large-scale daylight attack by infantry is as dead

as the man who tried to repeat this traditional process in 1914–1918. The massed artillery barrage of 1918 scale, with the infantry merely trailing behind it, is utterly beyond the resources of any present-day army. Even if the guns and shells could be produced in peace-time in such quantity, they would aggravate the immobility from which all armies are suffering. Worse still, they would offer a massed target to air attack, and court complete paralysis. The remedy would be more dangerous than the disease.

In the dark, in a fog, in a sufficiently widespread smoke-cloud, or in woods—all these being forms of obscurity where the deadly machine-gun is hampered—infantry may still be able to advance. The past year has seen a welcome emphasis on night and woodland operations. But training will be not fully realistic until infantry attacks, except in obscurity, are vetoed.

The other way of advance in face of resistance is by protected mobility—which implies the combination of machine-gun given speed with machine-borne armour. This way will still be hopeful, even if the high-velocity bullet diminishes the protective power of armour, for speed will remain—and speed is no small aid in avoiding bullets and shells. We are moving, slow as the evolution may seem, towards the idea of the " mounted infantry-man-in-armour."

One expedient after another has been tried to obviate or postpone this conclusion, yet the bankruptcy of each line of experiment only serves to point it more clearly. The machine-gun can only acquire a power to aid the infantry advance equal to its stopping power if it fires from an armoured vehicle. Military opinion is swinging, despite the passive resistance of conservatism, towards adoption of the armoured fighting vehicle by the infantry —not merely as an occasional outside aid, but as part of the battalion or brigade. Only thus can we save time in the approach; only thus can we exploit a successful attack before the enemy has time to rally.

One Tank Brigade for the Army will not suffice. Nor would double that strength. For even though these tank units proved the most effective fraction of the Army, they would not long remain effective—if they were only a fraction. Their very menace will make for their early destruction. The enemy will naturally concentrate every effort on removing these dangerous pieces from the board, and disregard the pawns meantime. He will rightly judge that his opponent's infantry may safely be left waiting. Generals may still be found who extol the superiority of infantry over tanks, but when it comes to the test they soon reveal their subconscious conviction—by bending all their efforts towards checking and, if possible, crippling the latter agent. Nothing proclaims more clearly the one they fear most.

The development of air-power increases the risk of a mechanized fraction. The best safeguard is to offer no particular target: this implies a "Mechanized Army," instead of merely a number of mechanized units in the Army. But air-power also exposes the futility of any idea reverting to an old-style army. Even if such an army could find a miraculous means of overcoming machine-guns in the open, it would still be impotent under the shadow of aircraft. For although the individual infantryman may be in less danger from the air than a tank or a 'bus, he cannot move and fight without trailing a mass of transport behind him—to feed his stomach and his weapons. A man without wagons is as useless as a man without weapons. And the present horse-drawn transport of the infantry is less mobile and more vulnerable to air attack than a mechanized vehicle.

While these reflections suggest that there is no secure halting-place short of a completely mechanized army—and even that offers only a limited security and effect in these days of air-power—the practical certainty that transformation will be gradual compels us to inquire if anything can be done to minimize the air danger. There is one guiding principle—to avoid offering a target.

How can it be fulfilled? The earlier exercises of the Tank Brigade gave a clue to what might be done, while the final "Mobile Force" exercise showed what must be avoided.

A tank force may sometimes need men on foot to force river crossings for it, and also, when halted, to enable the crews to rest undisturbed by snipers and harassing parties. But to attach a whole embussed infantry brigade to it seems a mistake; it cramps its freedom of manœuvre, and doubles the target. To carry a small number of "Tank Marines," as one suggested years ago, still seems the better solution.

Transport must be cut down. This should be possible with a tank force. On a short-time raid, officers' mess lorries, cooks' lorries, supply lorries, and 'buses for spare men might surely be treated as superfluities. Petrol and ammunition are the only necessities, apart from "iron rations" that could be carried in the tank. A mobile force must be stripped for action, if it is to be mobile in more than name.

But to avoid offering a target the most important means is to distribute the target. Concentration becomes the "deadly" sin—to be avoided at all times save, in some degree, at the moment of striking. A tank force is blessed in its ability to open and close with hitherto unknown rapidity. Wide distribution must be the order of the day. And perhaps of the night also. In the Tank Brigade exercises the most impressive feature was the progress achieved in moving in a state of controlled dispersion (under radio control) distributed over a width and depth of ten miles. But to lie up by night or day the brigade harboured together and thereby became, if discovered, an air target—as it never was on the move. Could not this concentration in "harbour" be avoided? It was good to see how adept the Tank Brigade became in long night moves. But these meant lying up by day —when there is more risk of discovery and attack from the air. Because of its speed and variability of direction, a tank force suffers less risk than an infantry force in move-

ment by day—and more risk than the latter when lying up. Thus it seems justified in reversing what is becoming the normal practice.

For a mobile force, secrecy and security would seem to lie more in mystification—through wide dispersion and deliberate distraction—than in pure concealment. Speed gives it a power of mystification such as no ordinary force possesses.

An opponent who is confused by reports of tanks being seen here, there, and everywhere, will have more difficulty in blocking the way or striking back than if he has no reports. For in this case he will have reason to suspect that they are stationary in hiding, and can search for them at ease; if they have invaded his local territory he may count upon the local inhabitants to inform him of their whereabouts.

While the end of the training season evoked these reflections, the end of the year brought fresh anticipations. For further measures of reorganization have now been authoritatively propounded, and a start in their fulfilment is to be made in 1935. They include proposals for the formation of a Mobile Division, completely mechanized, in place of the old Cavalry Division. The tentative pattern comprises (i) a reconnaissance echelon, of two armoured car regiments; (ii) a fighting echelon consisting of a mechanized cavalry brigade and a tank brigade; (iii) a support echelon of two mechanized horse artillery brigades and a field squadron of engineers, with possibly a field brigade of artillery and a machine-gun regiment; (iv) an administrative echelon (supplies, ammunition, workshops, medical, etc.). The mechanized cavalry brigade would include one armoured regiment (perhaps in light tanks) and three unarmoured, but equally mobile, regiments similar to the French *dragons portés*—mounted in small and low-built vehicles, with low-pressure tyres, and so designed that the men can dismount instantly.

Such a Mobile Division, if far more effective than a a horsed Cavalry Division, has still the difficulties to overcome which partial trials in this country have revealed. Both the French and Italian armies have preceded us in creating Mobile Divisions, and neither seems to have found them altogether satisfactory. The danger is that the unarmoured portions may cramp the armoured more than they assist them. Still, the idea has clear potentialities, so long as the division is used as a mobile protective base from which the Tank Brigade can be shot out independently—like a bullet from the cartridge. But one would rather see a true armoured division, carrying a proportion of skirmishers and engineers in bullet-proof vehicles. Even in the first stage of the transition, the mechanized cavalry brigade might preferably be composed of light tank regiments.

The reorganization of the division is also to be undertaken. A promise is held out of the early mechanization of the division except for its artillery—here cost is considered the check, but the exception may prove a nuisance, and commercial lorries might be better than horse-teams until proper tractors can be provided. But the mechanization of the infantry transport will be no small gain, diminishing the problems of ammunition supply, portage of weapons, and load on the fighting man. And a battalion can then be moved in 'buses without leaving its transport to follow slowly. This will also reduce congestion on the roads, since the road-space will be occupied for only a fraction of the present time.

The disproportion between the infantry mass and its supporting arms has now been recognized. The artillery support of the division is to be increased by converting the light brigades into mechanized Army field brigades, of which there will now be available two per division instead of one. Although not actually incorporated in the division, they form a fluid reserve which can be utilized to provide more than two extra brigades in support of any

division that has to crack a hard nut. Close support of the infantry, formerly the rôle of the light artillery, will be left to the infantry mortars, now to be mechanized.

More important still is the intention to create an additional tank battalion on the scale of one to a division, which are to be equipped with special infantry tanks, low in speed as well as in build, but heavily armoured. These, likewise, can be concentrated on the decisive sector. Such an addition does not supersede the need for a proportion of "armoured infantry"—but a hope of the latter development is held out by the intended revival of experiments with the armoured machine-gun carrier, in which the gun is mounted on the vehicle and fires from it, although normally when halted.

There are possibilities also in the idea embodied in a tiny box-like machine, invented by Colonel Martel, who produced the first light tank. Its build is aptly indicated in its nickname of "mechanical coffin," for it is only 7 ft. long, 2½ ft. wide (in the present one-man type), and stands only 20 inches above the ground—barely knee-high. Propelled by a 4 h.p. motor, it will hold a light machine-gunner lying flat, and will carry him much faster (about 5–6 m.p.h.) than if he tried to crawl, and with far less exposure than in the normal advance where he has to run or walk upright. While travelling along the road, the occupant sits comfortably in his "perambulator," but on reaching the battlefield changes to a prone position with his weapon pointing ahead. Using an "armoured crawler" of this kind he may have a far better chance than a man on foot of getting within close range of the hostile machine-gunner ensconced behind cover.

The idea gains strength from the prospective reorganization of the infantry unit designed to produce a smaller and handier battalion, in which a better balance between man-power and fire-power is attained by reduction of the former and increase of the latter. It is built up on

the platoon of three sections with a light machine-gun in each, instead of four sections with a Lewis gun in two of them. With the transfer of the heavy machine-guns to a mechanized support battalion, now to be entitled a "machine-gun battalion," the ordinary battalions will once again have four rifle companies—but with twelve light machine-guns apiece. No less important is the idea underlying this distribution that the light machine-gun will be a detachable arm of the section, accompanying it when extra fire-support is needed and being dropped when circumstances require extra mobility. One effect of the acceptance of this principle is, surely, to pave the way for the adoption of some cheap and handy mechanical means of moving and using the light machine-gun belonging to the section. The armoured crawler or something similar seems to fit both the tactical need and the operative design.

Fundamentally, the most promising aspect of the scheme of army reorganization is that *adaptability* is its keynote. Thus, the mobile division may operate with or without a tank brigade. The increased number of Army field brigades, adopted instead of an increase in the strictly divisional artillery, will allow greater concentration of fire on the crucial sector of an attack, and more possibilities of varying the point of main effort. The machine-guns of the infantry brigade may be used either for distant or close fire-support, or for an armoured punch, according to circumstances. In defence, likewise, the fire-support will be more fluid. Finally, even the basic unit, the infantry rifle section, gains in adaptability through the detachability of the light machine-gun with which it is now to be endowed.

The chief question that remains is how much time will elapse before the achievement of a transformation that is already behind time. A military philosopher may recognize the inevitability of gradual evolution, but a military historian must point out how often it has proved fatal to nations. The money spent on armies that failed

to adapt themselves to changing conditions has proved too literally a sinking fund—acting as a millstone round the investor's neck when he was plunged into the deep water of war. We may still wonder whether the modernization of the army will keep pace, or rather catch up, with the changing conditions of *time*. But it is a hopeful sign that its pattern is based on the idea of adjustment to changing conditions of *circumstances*.

The proposals for reorganization and the modernization of equipment will add interest to the Estimates for 1935–36. They are expected to show an increase of several million pounds. A large part of this will inevitably be devoted to replenishing resources of ammunition and other "warlike stores" which have fallen precariously low—through living on capital during the years of severely curtailed expenditure. How much will be provided for the provision of the new equipment that is now a no less urgent need? For their allocation will be the speedometer of our contemplated rate of progress towards having an army fit to take part in modern European warfare.

Unless there is a break with precedent, the seeker of information will have to go further than the Memorandum which annually accompanies the Estimates; he must penetrate, as too few do, into the depths of the Estimates volume itself. Here, he will make mental note of the numbers of men (under Vote A), and the intended outlay upon them. For this he should go beyond the votes for pay and clothing, and take account of the proportion due to scale of man-power under such heads as medical services, quartering and movement, supplies, etc., general stores, works, and miscellaneous effective services. Thus under Vote 6 ("Supplies, Road Transport and Remounts,") he will find, if he examines the detailed section of that volume, that by far the largest item is for provisions, and the next largest for fuel and light. He should also take note of the proportionate amount spent on petrol and forage respectively, and of the effect of

any rise in the first or a reduction of the second. Likewise under the same vote comes expenditure on R.A.S.C., mechanical transport and on remounts, both of which deserve to be considered in gauging the rate of modernization.

With those facts in mind, he may then turn to the end of the detailed statement of Vote 9, for "Warlike Stores." Here, buried somewhat deeply, usually lie the most significant facts of all, especially the proposed outlay on tanks and similar vehicles—classified broadly, as "Motor Transport (Tracked and Half-Tracked)." Again, "Motor Transport (Wheeled)" embraces all such vehicles other than those operated by the R.A.S.C. Another useful guide to judgment may be found in one of the appendices to the volume, showing the approximate annual effective cost of typical units at home. Here the student of military organization may gain an idea of the comparative man-power and cost of such units of a medium tank battalion and an infanty battalion, of a field brigade of artillery, horsed and mechanized. Last, year he would have observed that the cost of a medium tank battalion was scarcely more than that of an infantry battalion, despite its immensely greater fire-power and mobility; that a mechanized field brigade actually cost less than a horsed brigade. Further comparisons might have been possible if the approximate cost of such other new model units as a light tank battalion and an armoured car cavalry regiment had been included in the table. For it is upon facts that we should found conclusions, and there is cause for regret when those who pay the piper have difficulty from want of knowledge in calling the tune. This reflection applies not merely to the outside public.

Cultural Activities at Nanking

By J. O. P. Bland

THE astute Intellectuals who, on behalf of the Kuomintang party, direct China's foreign policy and diplomatic relations, have recently displayed considerable activity in the organization of intensified propaganda and of a "new collaboration" between Geneva and Nanking, of a nature calculated to appeal strongly to that element in the League which believes in the applicability of Western political ideals and institutions to Asiatic races and which is ever ready to take up arms in defence of its own conception of racial equality. This activity has resulted in the establishment at Geneva of an Institute named the Bibliothèque Sino-Internationale, which is liberally subsidized by Chiang Kai-shek, Wang Ching-wei and other Kuomintang leaders and is described by its founders as "the beginning of the execution of a vast plan, elaborated even to the slightest detail, which envisions an intense cultural exchange between the two worlds." Geneva has been selected for the purpose, after much deliberation, because "it is the seat not only of the League of Nations, but also of numerous other international institutions, and the meeting ground of the most eminent minds." The list of the politicians and high officials who have contributed funds for the creation of this new distributing centre for Kuomintang propaganda, makes it abundantly clear that the men who control the party's destinies are not for the present disposed to forsake the policy which prompted them three years ago to seek a solution of the Manchurian question at Geneva, with the help of American advisers and of the ardent Internationalists who direct the ubiquitous activities of the "League of Nations Union" in Great Britain. Despite their painful recognition of the fact that the League's intervention in the Manchurian dispute and the Lytton Commission's Report, served in the end only to aggravate China's position,

the men who direct the Kuomintang's foreign policy are evidently determined to retain and to speed up the machinery of propaganda which was created in 1930. They continue to proclaim, with increased insistence, the rapid progress which, despite obstacles and opponents, China is making towards the objective of a "model democracy," based and administered on Western lines. On the same *lucus a non lucendo* principle which led them to inscribe on the walls of the Sun Memorial Hall at Nanking the text of the wholly impossible reforms which Sun prescribed for fulfilment during the six years of "educative tutelage," the Kuomintang Intellectuals have decided to keep the world assured that China's progress, though slow, is sure, and that her goodwill is worth conciliating and preserving, because of the vast power which she is destined to wield in world affairs, once her house has been set in order. Lord Lytton's recorded belief in the reality of the progress achieved by the "Nationalist" government since the Washington Conference, was to some extent an atonement for the humiliating fiasco of Geneva's intervention in the Manchurian affair. The leaders of the Kuomintang may have lost their faith in the League, as regards effective aid or protection for their immediate purposes, but, like their forbears, they are accustomed to take long views in matters political and for the present they are content to cultivate it as the readiest, cheapest and most useful instrument for maintaining China's prestige in those intellectual and cultural circles of Europe and America which since the war have exercised such powerful influence in world politics. With a very acute perception of the trend of those politics and looking to the future, they hope and believe that, sooner or later, Japan's rapidly increasing claims to dominate the Asiatic mainland will be challenged, for their ultimate benefit, either by the United States or by a coalition of the English-speaking peoples. Pending that consummation, it is their business to convince the world that they

are, at heart, of the West, western; to engage and retain the sympathy of England and America for their alleged efforts to create the "free institutions of a self-governing Republic"; and to maintain the illusion that the government at Nanking is that of an organized State, able and willing to fulfil its Treaty obligations, Japan to the contrary notwithstanding.

The creation of new cultural contacts at Geneva by means of the Bibliothèque Sino-Internationale is in process of being supplemented by the publication of a series of political works, under the guiding hand of the well-known writer, T'ang Leang-li, editor of "The People's Tribune." The second volume of this series, just published, is from the pen of Wang Ching-wei, one time known as the "Stormy Petrel" of Chinese politics, later an outcast from the Kuomintang, and now President of its Executive Council and officiating Minister for Foreign Affairs at Nanking. His book is entitled "China's Problems and their Solution," and arrangements have been made for its publication in English, Chinese, French, German and Dutch. Its primary purpose would appear to be to convince the reader that, with Mr. Wang's assumption of his present high office, "a new period has been inaugurated in China's history, the period of 'revolutionary' reconstruction." As an exposition of constructive policy, the work is negligible. Its author simply ignores all the really great and urgent problems which, by common consent, beset the path of reform, and he is concerned only to vindicate the Kuomintang, under his own leadership, as the sole embodiment of the nation's political consciousness. As a civilian and an Intellectual, he denounces, even more bitterly than Japan's aggression, the "militarism" of China's war lords, as the chief obstacle to national unity and reform, curiously forgetful of the fact that the leaders of public opinion in his own province of Canton refuse to take part in the Fifth National Congress, on the ground that Chiang Kai-shek's

military dictatorship is a direct menace to the fundamental principles of the Kuomintang. For those who can read between the lines, however, the publication of these books at this juncture is significant, because it seems to foreshadow a renewal of activity on the part of the Cantonese politicians (always ready to sink their personal differences in a Cantonese cause) and the probability of a new campaign to challenge the authority of Chiang Kai-shek and to secure control of the National government.

Discussing the measures requisite for national salvation, Mr. Wang Ching-wei declares that "the fundamental solution of national ills cannot be effected by force of arms, but only by the development of the productive power of the people," a result which he proposes to achieve by the simple expedient of "giving the people an opportunity to lead a peaceful life and fully to enjoy the fruits of their labours." Their life, property and freedom must be fully protected, but this happy state of affairs must, he admits, remain an unattainable ideal, so long as "personal armies" continue to ravage the land. Therefore, "our military strength must be consolidated into a genuine national revolutionary army, for, so long as 'personal armies' are not abolished, it will not only be impossible for us to realise Constitutionalism, but also futile to rule the nation by a system of political tutelage." He recapitulates, in fact, all the catchwords and clichés, with which Geneva has long been familiar, but he offers no solution of the problem which the "personal armies" present, nor any explanation of the fact that, not so long ago (in 1930, to be exact), he, like Hu Han-min to-day, included Chiang Kai-shek's forces under that heading.

The Generalissimo, like Brer Rabbit, has a great gift of silence and lying low, but he has hitherto proved himself ready and able to forestall any movement directed against his effective control of the government at Nanking. Those who study the undercurrents of

Chinese party politics will have observed that, in the present instance, a Committee has recently been engaged in drafting a revision of the national Constitution and that it contemplates the introduction of a Presidential system, based upon that of the United States, which would confer upon the President supreme executive authority and sole command of all the nation's armed forces. No one who has followed Chiang's career can have any doubts as to the identity of the first Presidential candidate and if the drafting of the Constitution means anything, it means that the Generalissimo anticipates a revival of party politics in an acute form at Nanking and is preparing to cope with it in his own way—as he has done, more than once, before.

Meanwhile, life goes on gaily and gracefully in the highly sophisticated atmosphere of Nanking's official world, that little exotic world, from contact with which Geneva's emissaries and experts have drawn most of the airy fabric of their visions of "China in Transition." Here the fine flower of the westernised Intelligentsia foregathers in the ultra-modern *salons* of its fashionably-gowned wives and sisters, prepared to discuss all things under the sun—cocktails and Confucius, culture and clothes—but nothing too seriously. Not for them the dreary cult of Sun Yat-sen's Three Incomprehensible Principles, nor the Generalissimo's latest moral fad, that "New Life" movement which is to impart sweetness and light to the masses. Their interest in the theory and practice of democratic government is essentially academic. But to the instinctive dignity and grace which are their birthright, they have added, as the result of their alien education, a precocious familiarity with all the parlour tricks of the western world, and the result is a most engaging type of Intellectual, whose appeal to cultured western minds (especially those without direct knowledge of the East) is usually immediate and irresistible. It is a little world of fascinating interest, this artificially cultivated

coterie of polite society at Nanking, chiefly composed of the personages and courtiers of the "Soong dynasty," an insubstantial pageant, comparable in many ways to that of the old Manchu Court, in its complete lack of contact with the masses and its cynical indifference to the nation's most vital problems.

Yet the dark shadow of those momentous problems, upon which depends the well-being of the toiling millions, lies at their very doors. If the Intelligentsia could but descend from its heights of culture and direct its attention to the elemental problems which affect the daily life of the masses, it might find food for thought and matter for remedial action, in the figures contained in the national Budget, published a few months ago. These Bright Young Things might well pause and consider what good purpose can be served by the establishment of a new cultural centre at Geneva, so long as the government of their own country continues to be conducted along such lines as are indicated by the appropriations of national expenditure, set forth in that document. Here are some of the figures :—

Education and culture	$19,034,481
Judicial administration	$3,057,910
Communications	$4,294,390
Reconstruction	$11,794,974
Military expenditure	$307,750,910

Equally significant is the fact that, on the Estimated Revenue side, this Budget contains no reference to the enormous sums officially levied upon the ever-increasing opium traffic, of which the Press continually publishes new evidence. As they stand, these figures constitute a direct and complete refutation of the official propagandists' claim that progress is being made in the direction of better government and better days for the Chinese people. Wang Ching-wei and his friends may continue to emphasise the magnitude of their task and appeal for the patient sympathy of the friendly Powers, but the fact remains that the government's military

expenditure represents the price which it has to pay for security from attacks by its political opponents, and especially by those of the southern provinces. Another fact worthy of note, in this connection, is that at the Washington Conference, thirteen years ago, China's representatives gave pledges that their government would proceed to disband all irregular armies and to reform the judicial system on Western lines. The assurances of China's progress, upon which Geneva now relies have no more relation to the realities of the situation than those which were given by Mr. Alfred Sze and Mr. Wellington Koo at Washington. Both are identical, in their inspiration and purposes, with the elaborate programme for the institution of representative government, engraved upon the walls of Sun's Whited Sepulchre on Purple Mountain. And the masses care nothing for them all.

The curiously partisan attitude displayed by the Council of the League of Nations in support of China's political aspirations, and its uncritical acceptance of Kuomintang propaganda, are explicable only on the assumption that most of the eminent minds which find in Geneva their spiritual home have been content, like M. William Martin (the late lamented editor of the "Journal de Genève") to confine their contacts with the Chinese to Intellectuals of the modernist type and, like him, "deliberately to leave unopened the books written by those who had been there before him." Sir Arthur Salter, who speaks with authority in this matter, has testified to the great influence exercised on the League's Far Eastern policies by M. Martin's opinions, as recently set forth in his book, "Understand the Chinese." Be this as it may, if the lack of accurate knowledge concerning the true state of China, which stultifies the major conclusions of the Lytton Commission, cannot be remedied by a fuller investigation of the facts, it is devoutedly to be hoped that the League may be persuaded to abstain from further intervention

in Far Eastern politics. A notable contribution to accurate knowledge lies ready to their hand, supplied by a writer, wholly unconcerned with politics, whose active sympathy for the long-drawn sufferings of the Chinese people cannot be questioned. I refer to the recently published work of Dr. Albert Gervais, which gives an account of his six years of service as surgeon of the French Medical Mission and professor at the Chinese Medical College at Chengtu, the capital of Szechuen. It is impossible to read "A Surgeon's China," without recognising the truth that the picture of an enlightened, progressive China presented to the world at Geneva is but an empty shadow-play, utterly remote from the grim realities of existence as the patient, inarticulate masses know it. The high officials with whom Dr. Gervais had to deal, the Civil Governors and military chiefs whose actions reflect the mentality and morality of the country's actual rulers, are drawn from real life; so are the many humbler types of humanity with whom his work brought him into close daily contact. He pleads no cause and offers no solutions, but in the end he expresses an opinion which every emissary from Geneva to Nanking might profitably consider, namely, that:—

> "We must judge this people with eyes set free from the familiar conceptions of the West. Here, it is the instinct of the beehive or the anthill that dominates everything. There are no half-measures; the forces of Nature are intact and limitless. The strong, the vigorous, those who can serve the mass, have a right to live; the others, the weak and the sick, are brutally eliminated."

Surprising Orientals

By Sir Harry Luke, C.M.G.

I.—The Camp.

IN the spring of 1924, Husein, King of the Hejaz, paid a visit to his second son Abdallah, Amir of Transjordan. He was accompanied by his eldest son and subsequent successor, the Amir Ali, and by a numerous and picturesquely clad retinue of Meccan officers, attendants and slaves. Despite the many years of his enforced residence in Constantinople, where he was kept as a political hostage by Abdul Hamid, old Husein had remained a true Bedu and son of the desert: he hated towns and loved the open life. So he curtailed as much as possible his stay in his son's capital of Amman and, as soon as he could decently do so, moved his camp down to a spot called Shuneh in the Jordan valley, on the eastern side of that stream. It was here that we went to have luncheon with him on the last day of February.

The sight that met us at Shuneh must have resembled singularly closely, not only on account of the locality, an encampment of the Christian Kings in Palestine during the Crusades. For we found not one camp but three camps, separate and apart, over each of which there fluttered bravely a different flag. On the most level part of the ground was the encampment of King Husein, with the old monarch's royal standard waving from a tall flag-staff. A few hundred yards away was the group of tents of the Amir Ali, indicated by a lower flag-staff flying his father's flag differenced for cadency; at a little distance, again, was a third camp, that of the Amir Abdallah, the ruler of the country, flying his own royal standard, which was similar to, yet not identical with, that of his father.

While father and sons met from time to time during the day, they took their meals and received their visitors separately; and, when they met, it was King Husein who

gave orders although in Abdallah's dominions, who assumed the authority and *patria potestas* of the tribal patriarchalist with the same readiness with which that authority was acknowledged by his sons. These would stand before him in the conventional attitude of respect while he issued his commands; and, so far was the system of primogeniture admitted and enforced, that Abdallah gave precedence to his elder brother Ali even though he was here the ruler while Ali was only the Heir-Apparent of another State.

When we had concluded our visit to the old King we passed on to the camp of Ali, whom we found in a handsome tent beautifully lined with coloured hangings and decorated with an embroidered inscription in Arabic running around it. The inscription bore the following meaning :—

> "Look at this beautiful tent. She is like a young bride who is bewitching her bridegroom with her charms. Happiness and glory encompass her, while she is adorned with the loveliest of her festal robes."

But his primitive and poetical surroundings did not prevent the Amir Ali from being occupied with a task neither primitive nor romantic. As we were ushered into the tent we found him engaged in correcting the proofs of the Meccan newspaper *al-Qibla* with a stylographic pen filled with red ink. *Al-Qibla* was the organ whereby his autocratic sire moulded public opinion in his kingdom. Such of it as was not actually written by the royal editor-in-chief was closely supervised at the Palace; and, even when His Majesty was on his travels, not a number was allowed to appear that had not been passed by himself or his heir. And, Arabic typography being what it is, the correction of the *Qibla* proofs was a matter of some technical nicety, requiring considerably more concentration and precision than a Western proof-reader need bring to his task.

Not only as editor did King Husein bridge the centuries between the primeval life of a desert Sheikh and the employment of modern methods of communication. His telephone in Mecca was so up-to-date that every other telephone on his system was automatically disconnected when he removed his receiver, so that no unauthorized person might listen-in to the royal voice. And the wireless telegraph service, installed throughout his dominions for his exclusive official use, was the most efficient thing within them.

The King had a brother almost as venerable as himself, called Nazir Pasha. The old gentleman once came to Jerusalem for a few days and Ronald Storrs, who was then Governor of Jerusalem, fetched him from the station in his car. The car was a seven-seater and I was sitting on one of the little seats, while Storrs and Nazir sat at the back. After we had been driving for some time I suddenly felt a kiss on the middle of the back of my neck. It was the Meccan though somewhat belated greeting of the Pasha.

II.—The Kitchen-Boy.

Something of Jerusalem's almost unequalled diversity of race was reflected in our domestic staff. Our butler was a Russian refugee, once a Lieutenant in Denikin's army, my personal servant was a Cypriote Turk. The housemaid was a Russian nun, a sort of half-timer as a nun, of whom there are several in Jerusalem, women allowed to go into domestic service but recalled to their convent for the great feasts and fasts of the Orthodox Church, a circumstance tending to make them peevish towards the end of Lent. The cook was a coal-black philoprogenitive Berberine from Upper Egypt, and the kitchen-boy a clumsily built, pock-marked young Armenian.

He was not a bad kitchen-boy, and he had had a curious and tragic career. Driven as a child from his home in Asia Minor with his parents in the course of the terrible mass-massacres of Armenians perpetrated during

the War, he saw his father and mother butchered before his eyes and escaped a similar fate almost by a miracle. He managed to attach himself to a band of Turkish brigands operating in the Vilayet of Konia, where this particular massacre had taken place, and for more than two years led a brigand's life, passing from one band to another—war conditions having led many Anatolian peasants to take to the hills—but always in a south-easterly direction. For it was his plan to try to work his way down to the Cilician coast in the hope of being able to escape thence to some Allied country. Finally, in 1918, he was successful in reaching the Gulf of Alexandretta, and was soon enrolled in the *Légion d'Orient* which the French were then recruiting from among the Armenians for service against the Turks. Here he did so well that he rose to the rank of sergeant and obtained the *Croix de guerre*. After the Armistice and the subsequent disbandment of the unit he decided to go south to seek his living, entered Palestine, became a domestic servant and so found his way into our household.

He was a quiet, hardworking, unobtrusive fellow who sought his pleasure and recreation in going for a walk on his Sunday afternoons off, wearing his French uniform and medal. One day he came to me and said he wished to give notice. Somewhat surprised, I asked him why, because we had been satisfied with him and thought the feeling was mutual. He explained that he did not really want to leave, but thought it his duty to do so because he had just heard from an uncle whom he had believed to be dead, killed in the massacre with his father and mother. The uncle, it now transpired, had managed to escape, had made his way to Damascus and had now for his part heard that the nephew was alive and in Jerusalem. He felt he ought to join the uncle, his sole surviving relative.

I said I quite understood, and approved his course of action.

He then asked me for a *Laissez-passer* for his journey

to Syria. I replied that he should have it and told him to give me his full names, Christian and family, for the purpose.

He stammered, got red and ill at ease. To help him I said:

"There is nothing to worry about. What you are doing is quite right, and you shall have your *Laissez-passer*. But I must have your full name in order to get it made out."

For another minute he hesitated. Then he blurted out, to my utter amazement:

"I see I must tell you the truth. I am a girl."

And this astonishing young creature then said that even in those awful shambles she had realized that her sex would be an almost insuperable bar to her escaping, young and alone as she was, from the heart of Asia Minor. So she made up her mind then and there that her only hope lay in passing herself off as a boy.

"As you see," she remarked rather pathetically, "I am ugly and pock-marked and shapeless, and I thought it would not be too difficult. And it was not."

That she got away with it among the brigand bands, who enjoy little privacy, was nevertheless remarkable.

Cilicia was perhaps an even greater achievement.

To say nothing of our Berberine cook.

III.—Contrast.

What is it that constitutes the essence of Jerusalem and makes Jerusalem the essence of Palestine? Other places, too, have something of the diversity of race of the Holy City without being able to reproduce its unique *ambiente*. It is not only the concentration within a small compass of a great variety of speech and belief, of a diversity seldom paralleled of costume and ceremonial dress. It is not only the singular blend of light and shade, of comedy and tragedy, of pathos and burlesque, nor the knowledge that tears will assuredly be followed at no long interval by laughter.

It is all this, no doubt, but it is something more. It is the manner in which it is possible, in a single day, in a single room, in this single town, to span continents, centuries and civilizations. If I had to sum up in a single word that quality which gives to life in Jerusalem—and not only in Jerusalem but in all Palestine—its characteristic, inimitable tang, I should say it is contrast, which is merely another way of saying that it is the surprising, the unexpected and, therefore, the stimulating. And even the office of a functionary of the Government may be illumined by this *chiaroscuro*.

One of my first official interviews in the Holy Land was with the Abyssinian Abbot, a plump, elderly, gentle, rather pathetic black gentleman of the type that might be called " a nice old cup of tea," who sometimes found his flock a little difficult to manage. He came to appeal for the help of the Government in carrying out some orders he had just received in a telegram from his Empress. The orders were to the effect that the Abyssinian monks and nuns, who had hitherto occupied the same premises, were henceforth to be separated. The poor old gentleman did not like tackling the task of separation. He had a presentiment that Her Majesty's orders would not be well received by the parties concerned. Yet the orders were peremptory and urgent or, clearly, they would not have been sent by telegraph. When I tried to envisage the cost of cabling from Addis Ababa to Jerusalem and, what is more, of cabling in Amharic, which is not a concise language, I agreed that they must be urgent indeed and promised my moral support. When I went on to ask him how long this monastic " co-ed " system, so to speak, had obtained in his community in Jerusalem and he answered that he thought it to have been for something like 237 years, I received this fresh revelation of the contrasts of ecclesiastical life in the Near East with composure. For I was already fairly hardened. I had been initiated into their possibilities in my first visit to Mount Athos, some years before the

War, when I found an illuminated manuscript Byzantine Gospel and a recent number of the *Financial Times* lying side by side on the same table in one of the most venerable of the hermitages of the Holy Mountain. And my education had continued ever since.

The Abbot had another request to make. He wanted to borrow our office motor-lorry to take himself and some of his monks to Jericho and the Jordan on the following day. Here I was not so forthcoming because, if we had made a practice of lending our transport to prelates, there would have been no end to it. But I was sufficiently curious to ask why he wanted it. He said that one of the buildings of his community was let to some Jews who had failed to pay their rent, and that the next day in the Abyssinian Kalendar was sacred to a Saint who was good about granting requests if properly invoked on the banks of the Jordan.

When first I had to occupy myself with the affairs of Transjordan I was made aware of another contrast. Like their brethren elsewhere the Beduin of Transjordan are still addicted at times to raiding. But they no longer raid on camels. They hire taxis in the bazaars of Amman, nor will they look at Fords but insist on touring cars. Taking camel-saddles with them they set out for the desert; then, having seized, if in luck, some camels and concluded the raid, they ride home on their prey while the taxis are used to cover their retreat.

The different types of visitors whom one may receive in a single day are a fairly good index of the fullness of a Jerusalem official's life. I thought I was not doing too badly to have seen one morning in my first week the Mayor of Jerusalem, the Father Custodian of the Holy Land, the Grand Mufti, the Bokharan Rabbi and the Overseer of the Russian Properties; but one soon became accustomed to this sort of variety. I remember another morning when my visitors included a prominent Druse, the Samaritan High Priest, a deputation of the Synod of the Orthodox Patriarchate of Jerusalem, anxious to discuss

ways and means in the event of the Patriarch's sudden illness taking a fatal turn, the Jacobite Bishop and that entertaining Polish traveller and writer, Ferdinand Ossendowski, who had come to take his leave. Ossendowski told me that, during the Russian Revolution of 1905, he was President for 63 days of an ephemeral "Republic" in Eastern Siberia. Later, when in the United States, he was introduced to President Harding, who addressed him as "My dear colleague." Ossendowski disclaimed the honour. Mr. Harding replied:

"But you are a President too, are you not?"

Ossendowski said:

"I was a President for 63 days and then went to gaol for two years. So I warn you to be careful."

But the most characteristically contrasted day in my Jerusalem experience was at the end of February, 1924. In the morning Ronald Storrs and this person (as the Chinese say) met Cardinal Bourne on his arrival at the Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem. My wife and I then motored into Transjordan to have luncheon with King Husein, who had come to visit his son, the Amir Abdallah. In the evening, on returning to Jerusalem, I visited the "Zadik" of Gur in Poland, one of those enormously wealthy wonder-working Rabbis of the "Hassidic" Jews, the mystics of Judaism so well described by the brothers Tharaud in *Un Royaume de Dieu*. These Zadiks, on whom their clientèle shower gifts with a lavishness that is almost fanatical, are so rich and have so much liquid cash at their command that in pre-War days their fortunes affected the movements of the Russian *Bourses*. His Reverence of Gur was lodging in a sordid little house in the Jewish quarter of the Old City, and was dressed in a greasy, frowsy black gabardine; but his round velvet hat was trimmed with a superb sable.

(*To be continued.*)

The Governor Resigns

By Frederick Howard

SHE was standing in the gateway, and the lights of the street were limning her head and putting an outline of colour to the black silhouette of mantilla and skirt. Her face was pressed to the iron grill of the outer door. Her hands, that seemed two tiny blurs, were gripping the bars. Don Juan Hipolito Corbe saw her there, and crossed the patio to unlatch the door.

Scents from the vine-trellis and the flowers were stirring now, released from the heat of day. The sky was darkening, and the first star was peeping through the branches of the pepper tree above the doorway. The door swung open, and the two stood together.

"Juan, I am afraid." She touched the braid on his sleeve. "Uniform! . . . then . . . you are going to the Governor's banquet to-night?"

He drew her within the gateway, into the shadow of the wall. His face was indistinct above the blue dress tunic, but his voice suggested that he smiled.

"What is it, Lucia? You are not afraid for me, are you? Is it more rumours you have heard, or . . . or is it something definite?"

"Rumours, Juan. But you know that there is some truth behind them. He's been out of the city a great deal lately. On his estate, they say, but I don't believe that. A Governor should be too busy with the affairs of the Province. They say he acts strangely, that he is going mad. Others say that after that last vote in the Assembly went against him he has been planning to settle with his opponents. They say——"

"That he means to assassinate me?"

"Yes."

Don Juan laughed softly. "Come," he said, "I have something to show you."

They crossed the tiled patio to an outside stairway, which led to the roof of Don Juan's house.

The forerunning haze of night had crept in from the

suburbs, surrounding the street lights like a sea, and trailing behind to the east was the blue-black darkness. To the west the Andean foothills stood out against the afterglow of sunset.

The house of Don Juan Corbe was the third in a quiet street. It was a tall building, and from the roof it was possible to overlook the house on the corner.

"That is the Governor's house," said Don Juan, pointing. "Lucia, do you see anything upon the roof, near the front parapet?"

"There is something; but it is too dark to say."

"Something," he told her softly, "which His Excellency brought back with him from this last trip to his estate. Something which was brought into his house with a good deal of secrecy and put up there, covered over with canvas. Can you guess what the shape of that canvas suggests in the daylight, Lucia?" He paused. "No? Well, to me it looks like an automatic rifle fixed to a tripod."

Lucia stood quite still.

"So the rumour was true, and you knew it! Now that I know what the danger is, I am no longer so afraid for you, Juan. It was the fear of something that I did not understand . . . did not know how or when it might strike you. Ideas make me afraid; but that is real; it is only a thing. You can beat it, Juan."

Slowly his hands crept up from his sides, touched her hips, moved caressingly, then gripped her shoulders so that she grew faint with the pain of it. He was laughing quietly. "Dios! What a mate I have in you, Lucia! We are not afraid of real things, you and I."

"But he . . . it is to be to-night?"

"I am sure it is to be to-night. Commemoration Night! Soon there will be fireworks and music, and a torchlight procession to the Cathedral in honour of the Liberator, and then much drinking. Who would notice the sound of one rifle shot more or less on such a night? And to-morrow . . . well, it would have

been unfortunate! The Chief Justice of the Province, who was to have been elected Governor, would have been accidentally killed by a bullet fired by some drunken reveller. The retiring Governor himself would head the funeral procession."

"But, Juan! You must not stir out to-night. What are you going to do?" In a fury of anxiety she caught at his tunic and shook him.

"You are afraid, Lucia?"

"No, not now. But we must do something."

"Will you help?"

"Of course."

"Then, at eleven o'clock to-night, go to Umberto's garage, put on a chauffeur's cap and coat, take my car—the open one—and drive it to the Legislative Palace, to the side entrance near the banquet hall."

"Oh, that is madness!"

"Good-night, then."

"No, no, Juanito, mio! I am sorry. I will do it. Of course, you must go there to-night; only . . ."

"Did you ever know me to fail?"

Over the centre of the city a rocket soared into the night. Its burst of light showed Don Juan smiling down at Lucia. His massive head, with hair turning grey upon the temples, and dark-moustached face were those of a man who does not fail.

He held the girl to him. Down in the city a band had struck up. The heady music of the national air, played to the marching tune which had led the army of the Great Liberator across the continent, one hundred and ten years ago, to bring Liberty, Peace and Justice.

II

Nine o'clock. Don Juan's open car drew away from his house, swung on to the tramlines of the Avenida O'Higgins, passed the brilliantly lit plaza, where the band was still playing to an excited crowd. For this hour the glitter of tinsel outshone all else. The darkness of the

side streets, the stench of gutters, the row of living skeletons that stood harnessed to carriages before the Hotel Sud-Americana—who saw these? Arc lamps were there to draw everyone's attention to the equestrian statue of the Liberator, and to make the shadows deeper yet upon the squalor of the city he had freed. . . .

A side-street, a railway crossing. Breaths of cool air from the vine country, and a whisper of the rushing snow water brought down to give the valley life. Life! For a moment, as the car sped on, Don Juan wondered at the strange sense of an all-pervading beauty in this night, passing suddenly across thoughts that had to do with death. For a moment he was puzzled by a vague doubt as to whether an earth that rushed on its orbit by night and day, spinning a web of scents and sounds and sights, had a meaning for men other than that of their own ambitions. Then his mind touched real things again. He would extend the irrigation scheme from the Rio Negro. He would build a new road to the foothills —if the vignerons of the upper valley would pay his price. To-morrow he would be Governor of the Province. In two years, President of the Republic. . . .

The highly decorative façade of the Legislative Palace was before him. The car slowed, stopped. A dolorous throng of ragged citizens had gathered beside the strip of red carpet to watch the guests arrive. With a wave of his hand and that electioneering smile for which he was famous, Don Juan alighted and climbed the marble steps to the Palace. A straggling cheer broke out from all those in the crowd whose votes had been bought by the Corbe faction with the promise of sinecure jobs as road cleaners. In fact, nearly everyone cheered.

In the rococo entrance hall a group of rococo dignitaries stood chatting. The subject of conversation was the defeat of the Administrative Council by the Corbeista; but political differences had been put aside for this evening, and there now arose those genial tones which predominate in an assembly of men who are about to

dine at a Government's expense A gong sounded. With a unanimity which the Legislative Palace had not witnessed for a year, the politicians of the Province moved towards the banquet hall.

Don Juan glanced about him, seeking the Governor. The guests found their places, stood waiting by their chairs. There was no sign of His Excellency.

Above them the flag of the Republic hung from the ceiling. Its folds were as still as those of a funeral pall. Uneasily, Don Juan looked for strange faces in the gallery. Once before there had been a shot fired from that gallery. There were only pressmen; two local representatives of the dailies in the Capital, and the editor of "La Frontera," the provincial paper: all men who could be trusted.

Don Juan started. A little bald-headed man, the Vice-Governor, had gone to the head of the table and was speaking.

"Gentlemen, His Excellency sends a message that he deeply regrets that, on medical advice, he deems it wiser not to dine with us to-night. He will appear, however, before we drink our first toast, to say adios to you."

The announcement was received in silence. Then, with a ripple of movement spreading from the head of the table, the guests took their seats, and a subdued hum of comment arose. Only Don Juan was silent.

And in him an angry fear was rising: fear of the strange action of a man whom he did not understand. It was an action which he interpreted as a personal insult. It spoke a subtle language more challenging than the canvas-covered thing on the Governor's roof-top; it suggested dangers more intangible. This banquet hall itself was flaunting the Governor's creed of life before the man who was about to displace that creed with his own. The Governor had designed the Legislative Palace, had planted trees on the avenues that led to it. Don Juan would fill the Legislature with men who would do his bidding: would put a tax on the traffic that used the

roads. Don Juan would make the Province a force to be reckoned with, to be bought with rich bribes of railway concessions and revenue grants from the Republic's treasury. The Governor had been only a dreamer, a voice on the snow waters coming down to be lost in the soil of the plains. And yet the man had, in the midst of his ineffectiveness, a deliberate plan that used a rifle on a tripod to make sure of murder.

This was to have been Don Juan's hour of triumph. Instead, it was an hour of loneliness. Triumph was empty without the presence of the vanquished. The rest of the assembly did not count. If he were shot from a roof-top to-night no one in this room would give more than a word of pious insincerity and a shrug of the shoulders; they would as unemotionally applaud if, on the morrow, he took the Governor's chair. In all this lone and bitter fight there was only a woman whom he could trust; a slip of a girl who amused him, and of whom he would tire . . .

"You are not taking any fish, Senor Chief Justice?"

"Don Juan, you are drinking nothing!"

"Pardon, gentlemen; I was just thinking . . ."

III.

Eleven o'clock. Coffee had been served, and the waiters retired. The talk, which had grown boisterous and then ribald, was dropping to the quiet of expectancy.

The doors of the hall were thrust open. The Governor's aide stood to attention on the threshold. There was a shuffling as the assembly rose to its feet.

"His Excellency the Governor."

A tall figure stepped from the shadows of the corridor into the hall. The dark eyes were sunken and tired, with a weariness which their smile could not hide. The thin, furrowed face told of a life's ungracious acknowledgment of defeat. The face seemed to have grown suddenly and bitterly old, and to be deriding a body which yet retained the erect slimness of youth.

His Excellency advanced into the hall. His evening clothes were a restrained contrast to the braided uniforms and motley finery of his officials, but his white kid gloves were a strange affectation. Sharply, and cold as ice, the Governor's voice sounded. He spoke in formal Castilian, free from the accent and the idiom of the Province.

"Gentlemen, I have the honour to salute you. If one of you will have the goodness to pass me a glass of wine . . . many thanks, Senor Chief Justice . . . it is my privilege to give you the toast which every loyal citizen drinks to-night. Gentlemen, Our Country! May she prosper in Liberty, Peace, and Justice!"

Glasses were raised. "Liberty, Peace and Justice," murmured the assembly. The reporters in the gallery got their pencils ready.

There was a tinkle of broken glass. The Governor's gloved hands were gripping the back of a chair. Don Juan smiled. Slim hands, ineffectual hands! Don Juan was reassured. This assassin was frightened of his task.

His Excellency, looking all the while at the broken glass and the splash of red wine on the marble floor, made one of the briefest speeches which the Assembly had ever heard.

"Gentlemen, you all know that my resignation has gone to the President. Most of you I shall not see after to-night. This is my swan song. To-morrow you will nominate a new Governor" (he bowed slightly towards Don Juan); "may he give faithful service . . ." His Excellency swayed, recovered himself. "You will excuse me, gentlemen. I am not well, and there are many things to attend to before my successor takes over."

Don Juan pushed his way to the front of the group which had gathered about the Governor. The two men looked at each other with the calm of utter hatred.

"A word, Your Excellency."

"May it not wait till the morning, Senor Chief Justice? I am not well. I am about to leave now."

"I, too, am about to leave. Your Excellency will

understand that there are many urgent matters of Provincial business that should be discussed. And it would give me great pleasure to drive our Governor home . . . for the last time."

"I thank you, but I am not returning to my . . . I mean . . ." The Governor looked up. For an instant there was a gleam of desperation in his eyes. "I mean . . . thank you, senor, you are very kind."

"It is nothing. Shall we go now?"

Don Juan's splendid car, with its blue-white-and-blue official number plates, was waiting. A chauffeur muffled in greatcoat and cap was behind the wheel.

The Governor entered the car and seated himself on the left side at Don Juan's direction. The car started.

"To His Excellency's house. Drive slowly."

"You can set me down before we get there, senor. I do not wish to return to my house . . . yet."

Over a cobbled street and up a slight rise went the car. The night was clear, and beyond the last vales the foothills rose sharp against the starry sky; beyond them the snow cap of Aconcagua was a white fantasy in the mist. The night was singing a hundred songs that came from the irrigation waters. The night was beautiful and the city belonged to the night. The artificial streams that brought life to the valley had been made to flow through the gutters of the city, so that after the day men might fall asleep with the waters of Lethe murmuring at their thresholds. The headlights of the car were gleaming now on tram lines that were like thin jewelled fingers pointing an inexorable way through darkness. They passed the great avenues, where a cool and scented wind was rustling through the trees. The suburbs were quiet, deserted. The white houses seemed to have drawn back into the shadows in resentment of the city's carnival.

"You do not wish to return to your house . . . yet?"

The Governor was leaning back in his corner, with his eyes closed.

"Don Juan, is it not sufficient that you have won your victory in the Assembly? I go, and from to-morrow's sunrise your will has its sway in this Province. Must you also intrude on my last hours in this city?"

"It would seem so—if I am to see to-morrow's sunrise."

But the Governor went on, not heeding him.

"There are times, in this illness of mine, when a fever mounts to my brain, and I see myself and you, Don Juan, not as two servants of the Republic, but as two gods, each striving to possess the world. And I see that my gift is the creation of beauty, the power to give men an instant's delight in things which they presently forget and which soon fade. And yours is the power to make men forget beauty and bear much unhappiness, and to answer a call that promises them more tangible things. And my power is all the time giving way to yours. To-morrow you will see yourself surrounded by those whom I had appointed because I found them to be gentlemen and scholars. You will get rid of them, because now they are growing old and have neither the energy nor taste to work the machine that you will build. You will make this Province powerful, and use men to the last drop of their energies, but you will not serve them with kindness when once they cease to be useful to you. You will deal in real things, not in sentiments. You will build factories, and you will feed the lives of men into your political machine, and you will be great where I was only popular. The beauty that I planted in this city will crumble, and there will be no money for gardens and trees and statues and fiestas for the people, or fireworks to make the city a fairyland for the children on such nights as this; you will not understand or care for these things. You will make the Province rich, and . . ." (suddenly the Governor laughed) "its wealth will be like a leprosy across its beauty."

Don Juan drew a pistol from his tunic.

"This is empty talk. It was not in your blood to rule here; you know it, and you hate me for beating you. Poor Dios! Did you think that you could kill me to-night?"

"I do not understand you."

"Who are your confederates?"

"Stop your car. I will go no further."

"No. I am going to drive you past your house."

"No! My children—they will see me. They will be on the roof. . . ."

"Yes, I know what is on that roof."

"Do you?" The Governor began to laugh, and there was something terrible in his laughter. Again Don Juan began to be afraid. He thrust his face close to the Governor's.

The car swung across the plaza.

The bandstand was now empty. Most of the lights had been extinguished, and the breeze was stirring the litter which the revellers had left. The spirit of gaiety had sped. The dregs of it were behind the yellow squares of light which showed here and there in café windows. From an alley there came a woman's voice singing an Indian song, sad as a wild bird's call that lingers over evening waters.

Covering the Governor with his pistol, Don Juan took off his own gold-braided kepi and put it on the Governor's head. He crouched down on the floor of the car, so that only one passenger could be seen from the street.

"Sit up straight, take off those gloves and give me your hands," he ordered. In a smiling silence the Governor obeyed.

Two pale hands, wet with perspiration. Slight ineffectual hands that Don Juan could grip in one of his own. The Governor sat stiffly erect, with Don Juan's kepi on his head.

The car turned into the quiet street, drew level with the Governor's house. Passed it. Ten, twenty, fifty

metres. . . . The car pulled in to the kerb and stopped.

The Governor swayed forward, recovered himself with an effort.

"Thank God, they did not see me . . . the children. I am growing dizzy again. Where are you, Senor Chief Justice? Are you still holding my hands? . . . there is no feeling in them, you know. It is that way sometimes with leprosy. I would not have the children see me. To-night is their treat. . . . I promised it to them for Commemoration Night. But I could not go back there . . . not when there is such great danger of infection from this leprosy. . . . I may get out? . . . Oh, God! how black the street is. . . . Is that a woman who was driving us? . . . Your mistress, Don Juan? I have a wife, in that house there, with my children, but I must not go to her. . . ."

A rushing line of fire shot up from the roof of the Governor's house. A great rocket flared above the street, hovered and melted into fiery particles. Another ascended in its wake. The delighted cries of children followed it. An entrancing glow of colour lit the sky, and cast its soft reflection on the street.

But the Governor saw nothing of this. He had turned away and was running with incredible speed. He plunged down a side street. Curs awoke to snarl at him, and night prowlers slunk into the shadows at his passing. He leapt as he ran, leapt joyously, with the last great strength of the madness that was consuming his life, with the laughter of the outcast choking each breath he drew.

The night swallowed him utterly. And who could be expected to notice a shot more or less on Commemoration Night? Before morning he lay in one of those channels which he had made to bring the waters of Lethe murmuring past the thresholds of men, and the melted snows of the Andes had washed all sickness from him for ever.

How Shall We Overtake

By Humbert Wolfe

HOW shall we overtake the
thoughts that move with the horizon—
brilliant phantoms, fleeing,
with the light that dies on
their faces, irrevocably
into their own being?
Birds on the left that are
beauty's pale prophecies,
maugre
their wings, with the trail of a star
have dazzled the eyes
of the petulant augur.
He would not interpret their
flight even if he could.
For they have passed by
on their own affair,
leaving the proud solitude
of the inexplicable cry.

An Asturian Excursion

By Luis A. Bolin

(*Part I of this article appeared in the January number of* THE ENGLISH REVIEW.)

PART II.

AS we saw them, the villages of Asturias were a strange mixture of rural peace and war atmosphere. Maize hung in yellow clusters from typical granaries, built on stilts and standing near every farm-house; cows grazed in the fields, and children ran with great unconcern along the road, playing about in large numbers as if this were the best of worlds. Soldiers and Civil Guards chatted with the peasants, but many people were in mourning, and some had a sullen look upon their faces. Here and there we saw a town-hall completely gutted, or the ruins of a blown-up house; and, more frequently, walls shockingly scarred by bullet marks. The fighting in some of these villages—Vega de Rey, Campomanes, Ujo, Santullano—must have been terrible. There was no need to hear the story; the evidence before our eyes was sufficient to show where the rebels had made their stand, for the houses were literally riddled with bullets, most of which had pierced the plaster, leaving black holes behind them.

The nature of the fighting became more obvious as we moved on. Across the valley, through which the blackened waters of the Valgrande ran with torrential force despite their width, the mountain side was covered with slag-heaps, mine-shafts and holes that gave access to the galleries within the mines. From these, the miners withstood the advance of the troops, and later, when pursued by them, took refuge in the galleries and remained concealed for some time. If we remember that access to Oviedo can only be gained over mountain passes or through winding roads flanked by heights, we will realize that the defeat of the rebels was nothing

short of a miracle. In all, they must have numbered about 40,000 men, admirably armed and with an unrivalled knowledge of the ground. Even the road from Gijón, which starts at sea level, winds through mountains over a distance of 18 miles. The whole of the province is cut off from the rest of Spain by a chain of peaks, some of which are 9,000 feet high; and this explains why, a thousand years ago, the early Kings of Asturias transferred their capital to León, and also why, last October, the region should have been isolated as soon as the fighting began. Oviedo itself is on uneven ground, at an altitude of more than 750 feet; and between it and Mieres, the centre of the mining district, there is a climb and a descent which in England would be thought formidable. Most of the mining villages, where the revolution broke out with special violence, are surrounded by mountains and situated in a country eminently suited for defence, and extremely difficult to attack.

The Socialists were right in selecting this region for a capital part in the revolution which they organized throughout Spain. Several other factors were on their side. The population had been worked up to the proper pitch by a campaign based on absurd promises and class-hatred. Enormous stocks of weapons and ammunition had been landed and distributed in the territory, which contained supplies that, once seized, would help to obtain a quick victory or prolong the resistance. There were large stocks of dynamite in the mines, within easy reach of the rebels; there was a dynamite factory which would be looted in the first few hours; a gun factory at Trubia, plentifully supplied with shells; and two arms factories in the district, at one of which—La Vega, at Oviedo—there were 20,000 rifles which would certainly fall into the hands of the revolutionaries. A series of measures, passed by the Socialist-Azaña Government, divested these establishments of their military character, and allowed workers employed in

them to form an extremist syndicate and to co-operate in organizing the revolution.

Above all, the rebels could rely on the weakness of the Samper Cabinet, evidently determined to close its eyes to any preparations which they might choose to make. Civil war was prepared openly, and civil war did in fact break out. No revolution has ever been organized with such active complicity on the part of successive Governments, for all those that have ruled the country since the Republic was proclaimed allowed the extremists to arm themselves in case it should prove convenient to reverse by violence the result of a general election. The destruction of Oviedo, the ruin of the region of Asturias, and the loss of thousands of lives is the direct fruit of this policy, which came near to ending the unity of Spain, and to establishing anarchy and a Soviet in South-Western Europe.

It is said that four million cartridges were fired in Oviedo during the revolution. The 30,000 rebels in the town, firing a low daily average of ten rounds, would alone account for three million cartridges in ten days. The defenders were fairly well equipped with ammunition, thanks to a large haul taken from the ship "Turquesa" on her eighth trip to the Asturian coast, where she was engaged in landing arms under the very nose of the authorities. Most of the houses in Oviedo bear witness to the intensity of the fighting, and there is hardly a street that does not show the scars of war. The rebels also possessed enormous stocks of explosives. Part of it consisted of bombs, Mills' and other makes; and it is interesting to note that a considerable number of Lewis guns have just been discovered in Spain. But their chief explosive was dynamite, with which they were well acquainted owing to its use in the mines.

I know that the Provincial Institute was blown up with three tons of dynamite; it was a large building, but it collapsed completely, and the explosion also ruined several houses in the two streets immediately

opposite. I also know that one morning during the revolution 21 tons of dynamite were loaded on lorries at the Oviedo Communist Centre. There were probably dozens of tons exploded inside the town. I was a war correspondent with the British Army in France, and I have a clear recollection of the destruction suffered by the larger towns along the line. But it cannot be compared with the havoc at Oviedo, for reasons that are easy to understand. A band of maniacs, masters of a large city, and free to concentrate their destructive work against the principal buildings, do far more damage in a few days, if plentifully provided with bombs and petrol, than an army that shells a town for military reasons. An attacking force does not single out art treasures and seats of learning, or official buildings and the most modern shops and blocks of flats; nor does gunfire destroy certain buildings completely. Part of the centre of Oviedo still stands because it was ably defended, or occupied by rebels. The rest of it has succumbed.

The outstanding feature of the defence was the courage and initiative of the handfuls of soldiers, Civil Guards and Shock Police, who held some of the buildings against enormous odds. Many of the buildings that remain owe their existence to the fact that access to them was prevented by the fire of the defenders. High in the tower of the cathedral, known by the rebels as *La Loba*—the "she-wolf"—because of the resistance put up by its twelve defenders, the Police had set up a machine-gun with which they directed a devastating fire, against points situated at a distance of six hundred yards. Wherever ten or twenty men had time to prepare the defence, the traditional spirit of the Spanish soldier, and his capacity for the leadership of small numbers, showed up in a manner that left no doubt as to the loyalty and efficiency of the troops.

Enough has already been written about the atrocities, and even those who at first denied them now admit

that they were committed. But, if we remember that Oviedo was the victim of a brutal aggression, launched without the slightest justification of any sort, we must count as atrocities such outrages as the destruction in the city of all that represented art, culture and tradition, the killing of soldiers and citizens during the fighting, and the moral tortures suffered by the inhabitants throughout the revolution.

The mentality of the rebels was a problem. Only the incitements of professional agitators and the leadership of ruffians can explain why such acts of vandalism were so wantonly committed. Nobody knows exactly what the miners set out to accomplish. To a certain extent they were organized; each group had its leader, and for the purpose of fighting in the rebellion the men had been divided into three classes, consisting of those under 25—including lads of 12 or 14—35 and 45 years of age. Looting was legalized by means of worthless chits, in exchange for which shopkeepers were forced to hand over their supplies. But the men generally acted according to their individual impulses, influenced by fear, suspicion or ignorance. I know of a case in which a gentleman with the same name as a celebrated doctor was pressed into service as a surgeon, and though he strongly protested that he had never been inside a hospital, he was compelled to perform operations, with two rifles pointing at his head.

A friend of mine, a well-known mine owner, was captured with a number of people, some of whom were eventually shot. One day the rebels came to him and asked that he should speak through the wireless to the President of the French Republic. They maintained that, though they belonged to the civil population (!), Army aeroplanes were bombing them, and they wanted my friend to lay the facts before the French President, so that he might inform the League of Nations, which in turn would order the Spanish Government to stop the bombing. Although my friend tried to explain

matters, he was forced at the point of the pistol to speak into his wireless set and " transmit " the petition to an imaginary M. Lebrun. It is not surprising that the rebels should have had these notions, for I saw some copies of a Bolshevist rag which they received from Switzerland, and which contained enough lies to misguide them on a good many points, besides the functions of a receiving set and the powers of the League of Nations.

The fate of the real civil population depended on the type of rebel they dealt with. Some were simple men who had been led astray by their leaders; others had no choice between joining the rising or being killed. There were revolutionaries who, instead of murdering and looting, gave milk and chocolates to the children of the population or concealed those whose lives were in danger. But for the most part they were a frenzied horde, who shot and killed without a thought but for themselves.

They would break into a house, order the occupiers to clear out and start shooting from the windows. " We could not go into the street, for it was raining bullets outside," said a woman in a tobacco shop, and her words were verified by holes in the walls and in the rain-pipes just outside, which had been shot to shreds. " We had to remain upstairs while the fighting went on, although bullets were flying about as if the house had been made of paper." " We gave all our stocks to the rebels on the first day," we heard at a grocer's shop, " so that they should leave us in peace." " Everybody had to sleep in the dining-room," said the proprietress of the hotel where I was staying, " it was the only safe place in the building." " They burst into the Convent," the doorkeeper told us, " and shouted at the nuns, telling them to get out with the children, for they were going to attack the cathedral from our balconies. They forced us out into the open, and it is a miracle that we escaped unhurt." " There were sixty women and

children in my block of flats," a young fellow said "and I was the only man that remained in the house. What could I do? I gave the rebels all they asked for, and 400 bottles of wine besides; they looted our wardrobes and linen cupboards, and had long arguments as to whether they would shoot me or not, but some of them held that I was a 'good man,' and this saved my life in the end."

"When I heard they were looking for me," we were told by the editor of a well-known newspaper of the Right, "I dressed up as a surgeon about to enter an operating-theatre. I swathed my head and face with bandages, so that they should not recognize me, and thus attired I walked through streets filled with rebels, and went straight into their hospital. There I remained until the end. My first case was a man who had a dreadful hole in his back, which I dressed as best I could, and then I smeared blood all over myself, so as to look as if I had already been some time in the hospital. How I lived through that terror I do not know. I was almost mad with the strain when, one day, I looked through a window and saw four soldiers of the Foreign Legion, firing as they advanced. Then I lost my nerve. I knew that I was saved, and, forgetting where I was, shouted wildly, "Soldiers! Soldiers!" The ward was filled with wounded rebels, and one of them limped up to the window and screamed out: "Comrades! The Army has joined us! The revolution has triumphed!" A storm of cheering broke out from the wounded men: "Long live the revolution!" But at that moment the door opened, half a dozen Legionaries covered us with their rifles, and the hands that had been raised to cheer fell limply on the sheets, while I tore off my mask and rushed over to the soldiers."

The Bishop of Oviedo, who was not in the city during the red terror, died of grief soon afterwards, and many people lost their reason as a result of their sufferings. They succumbed to the torture of not knowing, for ten whole days and nights, what their fate might be the

next minute, of knowing nothing of their families and friends, of not even knowing whether it was true that the revolution had triumphed in Spain; of living under a hail of bullets, constantly hearing the cries of the rebels, the shrieks of the women and the wounded, and the noise of the explosions that were shattering their beloved city. They had no food and no water, and they lived in darkness through the nights. When the first troops entered Oviedo, they found the streets littered with corpses and ruins; most of the principal buildings had been destroyed, hardly a pane of glass remained in the windows, and the walls were scarred with bullets. But the moral torture of the population surpassed anything witnessed or imagined by the troops, and it gave place to the dumb relief of a people who felt as if they had been raised from the dead.

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Sea Power Surrendered

By Captain B. Acworth, D.S.O., R.N.

THE numerical list of fleets on December 31st, 1936, will be, as far as can be estimated from available data, as follows :—

	Ships of the Line.	Cruisers.	Destroyers	Sub-marines.	Aircraft Carriers.
Gt. Britain	15	50	116[1]	41[2]	6
France ..	10[3]	57[4]	52[10]	109[5]	1
Italy ..	4[6]	35[7]	88[9]	71[8]	—
Japan ..	9	29	77	36	4
U.S.A. ..	15	30	115	50	5
Germany ..	8[11]	6[12]	25[13]	—	—

[1] Fifty-four " over-age."
[2] Two " over-age."
[3] Includes three older battleships of 18,000 tons mounting four 12 inch; twelve 9·4 inch; fourteen 3 inch guns.
[4] Includes three armoured cruisers of the " Waldeck Rousseau " type mounting fourteen 7·6 inch; ten 3 inch guns; also 33 ships of 2,500 tons mounting five 5·5 inch guns and with a speed of 37 knots. These powerful little cruisers are persistently published in the official " Return of Fleets " as Flotilla Leaders notwithstanding the Treaty definition of a cruiser as a vessel of over 1,850 tons mounting guns no heavier than 5·1 inch.
[5] Assumes retention of thirty " over-age " s/m's.
[6] Two 35,000 battleships are being laid down by Italy.
[7] Includes three old armoured cruisers mounting four 10 inch; eight 7·5 inch; twelve 3 inch guns.
[8] Assumes retention of seventeen " over-age " s/m's.
[9] Includes thirty " over-age " destroyers.
[10] Includes twenty-five " over-age " destroyers.
[11] Three " Deutschlands " and five old ships mounting four 11 inch; twelve 6·7 inch.
[12] Five modern cruisers and one old ship.
[13] Thirteen of these are old.

The denunciation of the Washington Treaty by Japan, though treated in some quarters as a matter for profound regret, and disquiet, will not be so regarded by those who set greater store on the restoration of British sea power than on " Internationalism " as the guarantor of the peace of the world in the coming years.

The Treaty denounced by Japan restricted Great

Britain to a Navy which, though nominally of a one-power standard, is in reality a no-power standard when our responsibilities and vulnerability at sea are taken into account.

From the foregoing table it will be apparent that France and Italy, though adhering to the less important battleship quotas of the Washington Treaty, have, by their refusal to be bound by the London Naval Treaty, strengthened their cruiser and submarine fleets up to a point at which they could completely dominate the sea communications of Great Britain, West of the Suez Canal. Indeed, France alone will, in 1936, be in a position to bring our trade in Home waters to a standstill. In that year the combined fleets of France and Italy will out-number the British Navy by 42 cruisers, 24 destroyers, 139 submarines, and 4 sloops. But this remarkable comparison of strength takes no note of the fact that 22 British cruisers, 24 destroyers, 12 submarines, and 17 sloops are stationed in outlying parts of the Empire, and that these vessels, if brought home to defend our trade routes in the Mediterranean, Atlantic, and English Channel, would leave us completely at the mercy, not merely of Japan or America, but of Chinese pirates and Arab dhows. But this is by no means the whole story. The British Cruiser fleet in 1936, unlike the fleets of the other four nations, will be not only " over-age," in the case of 14 cruisers, but those that are new will be, ship for ship, poorly armed and totally unprotected from gun-fire.

The First Lord of the Admiralty has recently expressed, in the House of Commons, his disquiet at the relative weakness of the new British ships when compared to their foreign opposite numbers. How well justified is this alarm a study of " Jane's Fighting Ships " will reveal.

The unpleasant truth is that British sea power has been shattered in the interests of Internationalism by successive Governments since the war. Those who still believe that British sea power is vital to British interests, as presumably did out Internationalist Prime Minister

when he remarked that "The sea is us," must deplore the great betrayal, no matter how sincere the motives of those who have compassed it.

In denouncing the Washington Treaty Japan is now being held up to reprobation by those who regard maritime weakness, except in the case of America, France and Italy, as the hall-mark of honest intention.

But the proposals of Japan, politically and technically, are in the best interests of this country, whereas the American standpoint is hostile to our needs. Japan asks, without obtaining any reply, the reason for the existence of the great American fleet in view of her absence of dependence upon those sea communications which, if interrupted by any nation, must bring catastrophe to Great Britain or Japan. Japan proposes the substitution, in coming years, of small battleships for mastodons. The British Admiralty has made the same proposition. America objects, and England comes to heel. Japan proposes the abolition of those monstrosities, aircraft carriers, through whose agency alone the peoples of the British Empire, of Japan, and of America can be subjected to bombing raids. Though recently in New York the unhappy proletariat was warned of the impending disaster to their Coast Towns from Japanese bombs, those who control American policy rejected Japan's proposals to abolish the only means by which the bombs can materialize. America again objects, and England crawls. Why?

Great Britain, again and again, has advocated the abolition of ocean-going submarines. Japan, unless she has recently changed her mind, is willing to abolish these craft if aircraft carriers are abolished. International Financiers who control American policy, as they now so largely control the policy of the world, by refusing to abolish aircraft carriers are thus frustrating the British efforts for the abolition, or strict limitation of, the big submarine.

Japan proposes a global system of limitation, with an upper limit, while emphasizing that she would not build

to that limit. This proposal takes cognizance of Great Britain's need for a large number of small cruisers, and of a British Fleet bigger than her own. The British Government rejects this wise and generous proposal. From the point of view of British taxpayers, the Japanese proposals as a whole would lead to a great reduction in the cost of the future Navy, but taxpayers are of no account to the internationally minded.

No useful purpose can be served by discussing in detail the technical questions that will arise between the maritime nations, including Germany and Russia, as a result of the lapse of the Naval Treaties, so long as British sea power is treated as a bargaining counter in bringing into being the Republic of Internationalism.

The recent Naval Talks, as everybody appreciates, were not Naval Talks at all. Neither does it seem likely that naval considerations will play any conspicuous part, by present arrangement, at the forthcoming Naval Conference, if it eventuates. There are, however, one or two facts which the country will do well to bear in mind when politicians get busy in a few months' time.

The remarkable rise of French and Italian sea power, and the ability of these two countries to sever our sea communications at a few days' notice, will present overwhelming arguments in favour of tying British policy in Europe to the chariot wheels of the two great Latin countries. Since these words were written the Franco-Italian understanding has given rise to a fresh disarmament drive by Mr. MacDonald, though we all know that neither of these countries proposes to destroy the great fleets which they have recently built, as we have broken up our splendid vessels in obedience to the wishes of other nations.

Because the motive power of the British Navy, as of the mechanized Army, of the Air Force, of a third of the merchant marine and of a large proportion of our transport and industry, is dependent upon fuel over which we exercise no physical control whatever, we may take it

for granted that British foreign policy will continue to harmonize with the wishes of America and Russia which, between them, can bring the British Empire to a standstill in the course of a few months by withholding fuel. Indeed, this danger is clearly apparent to the Government; for has not Mr. Baldwin warned the country that so long as he has any responsibility in the Nation's affairs he will not sanction the use of the British Navy for blockade without first consulting America? Has not Great Britain taken up the cudgels against our old friend Japan on behalf of the Oil Combines, though the British Empire contains only 2 per cent. of the oil resources of the world? Has not Mr. Baldwin flatly refused to see a deputation consisting of distinguished admirals, shipowners, and marine engineers who only asked to be allowed to place before him a reasoned case for designing all future ships for alternative coal and oil firing? Has he not expressed the determination of the Government, despite all reasoned argument, to retain the British Navy on an exclusively oil-fired basis to the exclusion of dual-firing which would place fuel monopolists under the thumb of British sea power instead of the reverse?

So long as British sea power is governed by international influences over which the public, at the present time, has no control, the technicalities of a sound Naval policy are therefore irrelevant.

There was a time when British foreign policy rested upon British sea supremacy. In those days there was an atmosphere of peace about the world which we to-day have every reason to envy.

The chief object of British foreign policy is now, seemingly, the defence of this country without the support of sea-power—a policy called "collective security." So great a change in the British attitude to Defence must clearly have an argument, and the argument seems to be the rise of air-power. Some appear to think that sea power can no longer provide security. Others believe that air power is a buttress of sea power which we can afford to

diminish if air power is increased. Both these views are demonstrably unsound. To-day, Great Britain is more dependent for her food and raw material upon sea transport than at any time in her history. Our ability to pursue our civilized activities, and to defend ourselves, whether by means of the Navy, the Army, or the Air Force, is absolutely dependent upon sea-borne foreign oil. The mechanization of the Army, and a strengthened Air Force, make increased, not decreased, demands upon sea transport and sea defence. Yet the Government, by subsidy, is encouraging a "scrap and build policy" for merchant ships, a cardinal condition of the subsidy being the construction of an "up-to-date" (? Diesel) vessel for every two coal-fired ships destroyed. Thus will the Tramp subsidy, and the £10,000,000 financial aid, bring increasing misery to the Distressed Areas, all of which are coal areas, while depleting our vital tramp fleet.

No one in his senses suggests that these vast responsibilities, whether from the point of view of carriage or defence, can be shouldered by air craft. Upon what grounds, therefore, does the National Government defend its approach to the question of naval defence and to the tramp steamer issue? To disband the navy completely would be an intelligible, if a risky, plan. To restore a two-power standard in ships-of-the-line, with a sufficiency of suitable dual-fired cruisers for world-wide convoy, would restore independence to the British Empire. To maintain, at great cost, a Navy which cannot protect the country and which is used instead as a bargaining counter with those in a position to threaten us, and which cannot move without foreign sanction, represents a policy which would once have been reprobate to every Englishman who cherished, as once every Englishman did, the freedom of his country.

India: The Committee's Report considered in the light of its origins.

By F. Slocock, C.I.E.

THE unprejudiced reader of the Report of the Joint Parliamentary Committee on Indian Reform finds it difficult to understand the great and almost hysterical praise bestowed on it in some quarters. If he happens to possess a memory, his thoughts must inevitably travel back some fifteen years to the issue of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report and to the proceedings of the Joint Parliamentary Committee which, in 1919, considered the Bill which was introduced as a result of it. The Montagu-Chelmsford Report was regarded, just as the present one has been, as a great and momentous State document. The Act which, after consideration by a Joint Committee, was passed to give effect to the proposals of the Report, was regarded as a great work of legislation. The scheme was commended to Parliament as having the approval of many, though admittedly not all, experienced officials in India, and it was said that those who disapproved of it had been unable to put forward any alternative. In fact, the Joint Committee was required not to see whether the scheme was good, but to devise legislative means for putting it into practice. And the methods adopted for forcing the scheme through bore a great similarity to those which have been pursued in the present case, though they did not excite such widespread interest or such intense opposition as has been encountered by the present proposals, partly because the scheme itself was of a less advanced nature and partly because people did not then take so much interest in India and were very fully occupied with other far more absorbing considerations.

2. Now it is quite impossible to understand the present proposals without some knowledge of the main

features of the scheme put forward in 1918, and of the manner in which it has been worked in the past thirteen years. As the majority of writers and speakers on the subject of the present proposals seem either to be ignorant of such past history or to have conveniently ignored it, and as the majority of the public who read the articles and speeches dealing with these proposals share that ignorance or loss of memory, I propose to sketch briefly the chief features of the Montagu-Chelmsford Scheme.

First and foremost there was the introduction of semi-parliamentary institutions into the British Provinces by means of a device called Diarchy. Under this device the Provincial Governments were split in two parts, the Reserved and the Transferred. The reserved half was to continue to operate much in the same way as the Provincial Local Government had operated in the past. The transferred half was to consist of departments each under the control of a Minister selected from and responsible to the local Legislative Council. The liaison between the two halves lay in the Provincial Governor who presided over each.

Secondly, the scheme contemplated no change in the status of the Central Government, consisting of the Viceroy or Governor General and his Executive Council; nor any tinge of responsibility in the Central Legislature. The form of the Central Legislature was, however, to be changed from a single Chamber known as the Imperial Legislative Council to two Chambers, called the Legislative Assembly and the Council of State. Although the scheme contemplated giving no overriding or definite powers to this new Legislature, it proposed to make it more representative and to give it wider powers in respect of questions and the moving of resolutions, and for expressing its views on the Budget.

Thirdly, no attempt was made to bring the representatives of the Native States into the Councils of the Central Government in any kind of relation with the Legislature. In fact the scheme never contemplated the

possibility of an All-India Federation: it contemplated only the possibility of some kind of sisterhood of the British India Provinces, outside which the Native States would remain for ever. The writer is aware that Mr. Montagu himself did not for one moment contemplate the possibility of a Federation between British India and the States.

3. The proposals for a diarchic system for the Provinces were condemned by the majority of the more experienced officials in India, as being absurd and unworkable. They were, however, supported in this country and pushed through Parliament by a plausible propaganda which urged that *the only way in which responsible institutions could be incepted in the Provinces and could be developed and extended by gradual steps* was "Diarchy," and that no alternative arrangement had ever been put forward. The first argument was, of course, merely an expression of opinion. The second was insincere. But they were sufficient to commend the scheme to the Joint Committee and to Parliament in 1919. It was assumed that the authors were right in believing that their scheme conferred no element of responsibility or of power on the new Central Legislature, and that it effected no reduction in the Executive or Administrative powers of the Central Government. Finally, everyone concerned seemed to have overlooked the fact that the Native States were likely to be as much interested as British India in many of the subjects which would come before the central legislative bodies and should therefore be entitled to some voice in their deliberations.

4. Among those who opposed the diarchic scheme for the Provinces was the present Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, at that time Governor of Bombay. He subsequently had to put the scheme into operation as Governor in Madras, and was one of the few Governors, if not the only one, who attained any success in its operation, which he did very largely by abandoning the diarchic principle and treating his government as a unitary one. On the other hand,

two of the most prominent official advocates of Provincial diarchy were the then Governor of Bengal, Lord Ronaldshay, now Marquis of Zetland and a member of the present Joint Committee, and the late Sir Frank Sly, Governor of the Central Provinces. The former supported it because he believed that it provided the only means of gradual transfer of power by successive steps. The latter gave the scheme the most astounding praise in his evidence before the Joint Committee in 1919. Yet it is a curious and rather ominous fact that it was in the Provinces administered by these two advocates of the scheme that Provincial Government first broke down and diarchy had to be suspended! It is to be hoped that the Provincial Governors who, as we are assured by Sir S. Hoare, unanimously support the present proposals will not be doomed to a similar disappointment.

5. The Act passed in 1919 contemplated a ten years' trial of the constitution imposed by it, and the appointment thereafter of a Royal Commission to inquire as to the further development of diarchy by the transfer to the semi-responsible ministers of some more branches of provincial administration. Yet some years before the expiry of this ten-year period, the state of confusion and difficulty created under the scheme both in the Provincial and the Central Governments had reached such a stage that it was found necessary to appoint a Royal Commission after the expiry of only some six years. This Commission after an exhaustive inquiry extending over two years submitted a report which, making due allowance for the euphemistic language in which such documents are necessarily couched, constituted a most complete exposure of the worthlessness of the chief claims which were put forward on behalf of the Montagu-Chelmsford Scheme. It showed that Diarchy had been a failure in the Provinces, in that it had been difficult, if not impossible, to work even as a provisional arrangement; while it showed the baselessness of the claim that it provided a means of gradual working up by successive stages toward complete

responsibility, by proposing that all intervening stages should be dispensed with and that complete transfer of responsibility should be introduced at once, before even the first ten years had elapsed. As regards the Central Authority, it showed that the increased powers given to the Legislature had enabled it to exert pressure on the Executive far in excess of what the Montagu-Chelmsford Report contemplated.

Finally it pointed out that it was impossible to frame proposals for a central government exercising powers over the whole of India without bringing the representatives of the Native States into its councils.

A more wholesale abandonment of all the chief principles which were accepted by the authors of the scheme and by the Joint Committee of 1919 it is difficult to imagine.

6. At the same time the Statutory Commission showed that while some form of Federal system which would include the Native States was inevitable if any advance towards any kind of responsible Government for All India was ever to come, the time for such an arrangement had not yet arrived, and that before it could come it would be necessary, as a preliminary step to the establishment of any kind of federation, to re-arrange the organization and the constitutions of the British Indian Provinces which would be the chief constituents of any Federal system, and to bring them into some kind of relation to the Native States which would provide the other partners in such a system. Such re-arrangement the Commission pointed out would necessarily take time and therefore there would be plenty of time, while the new Provincial constitutions were under trial, to work out proposals for the federal system which they envisaged in the future.

7. Unfortunately, after the presentation of the Statutory Commission's Report the control of the problems which it propounded fell into the hands of English politicians who were inadequately furnished with either

a knowledge of the conditions or that patience which the Commission inculcated. Round Table conferences were convened at which English politicians were brought face to face with some of the most capable and astute Indian public men, and they fell into the error of supposing that these moderate open-minded and able Indians were representative of the great mass of Indian politicians.

In these circumstances it is hardly surprising that some of our responsible politicians were led by their enthusiasm for the great ideal which was set before them to believe that the picture of a future United States of India was not a mere dream of a distant future, but was capable of being translated into reality within a comparatively short time.

Under the influence of this enthusiasm some of them made promises and gave pledges which inevitably committed the Government of which they were members to the formulation of a scheme for immediate introduction of Federation with responsibility at the centre, which was the most important feature in the Indian White Paper.

When the White Paper was referred to a Joint Committee of the Houses of Parliament for consideration, the Government very naturally took care to see that the Joint Committee contained a majority of members already committed to approval of its principles, thereby indicating its determination to carry out the pledges made by its members, or to perish in the attempt. Had they not taken this precaution they might have suffered such a rebuff as might have entailed their resignation and a serious domestic political crisis. It is not surprising therefore that the Report of the Joint Committee, which is that of a majority only, endorses the scheme formulated in the White Paper, and has justified the Government of its belief in the loyalty of its own supporters, if not in the value of its scheme of reform.

8. The report itself which is the fruit of many months of patient and laborious inquiry and deliberation is, on

the whole, a disappointing document. It certainly bears signs of the care and application devoted to the examination of evidence and to the efforts to arrive at some solution of the very difficult questions with which it had to deal without abandoning the principle on which the Government insisted. But it certainly does not merit the description of a great State paper. It is diffuse, verbose and inconsequent, and it contains several passages of conversational jargon such as one does not expect in a document of such grave importance. Much of it reads like a rehash without adequate revision of Secretariat notes. There is much to be said in excuse for these defects for it is obvious that the Committee felt that on many points they had to make the best of a bad case, and were endeavouring to conceal the fact that they did not really approve of some of the proposals which they felt it their duty to endorse. They have not always succeeded in this attempt, and an instance of their failure will be found in para. 27 on page 15, where they say: "*We are faced therefore with the necessity of creating autonomous units and combining them into a federation by one and the same act. But it is obvious that we have no alternative.*" The fact is that the Joint Committee's conception of their duty in this inquiry seems to have been not to consider whether the proposals laid before them are good in themselves, but to devise means for giving effect to those proposals, whether they be good or bad. Once this attitude is understood and allowed for, it must be admitted that the Committee have on the whole done their work as well as could be expected in circumstances so difficult and unfavourable.

9. One of the most painful tasks for some members of the Joint Committee must have been the endorsement of the Statutory Commission's condemnation of the Montagu-Chelmsford Scheme. As I have already remarked, the Statutory Commission left the Montagu-Chelmsford Scheme without a single shred of credit for any part of its scheme. Several of the members of the Joint

Committee who have signed the report were actively concerned either in the formulation or in the working of the scheme which they now so thoroughly condemn, and the ordinary man is left with the only consolation of hoping that they have now become wiser, if sadder, men and that the recommendations of the present Committee may prove more sound or more workable than those which were approved of by that of 1919. I sincerely trust that they may prove so, but I confess that there is nothing in the report which induces in me a feeling of confidence on the subject. On the contrary, it seems to me that the report is infused throughout by a spirit of diffidence as to the probable effects of its own proposals. In this and in some other respects the present report bears a close similarity to the Montagu-Chelmsford Report. Both contain a fair and reasoned preliminary survey of the conditions of the problem, leading up to conclusions which are largely at variance with the proposals which follow. Both are interspersed with pious expressions of hope and expectation. I fear that some of these pious hopes of the present Joint Committee are no more likely to be realized than were those of Lord Chelmsford and Mr. Montagu. It certainly seems a pity that a body which recommends measures fraught with such grave importance to 300 millions of people and to the British Empire could not muster up a little enthusiasm in the presentation of its report, or any better commendation of its proposals than hopes and expectations for which the experience of the past few years affords no strong basis.

10. The second section of the report, which contains proposals relating to the Provinces, follows the report of the Statutory Commission in recommending complete responsibility for all branches of provincial administration, including law and order. This recommendation was inevitable and is no longer open to question, for it is obvious that a government without responsibility for law and order and without the means to enforce it could

not be anything but a sham. Personally, I believe that Provincial Ministers, so long as they are not hampered by a recalcitrant and lawless opposition in the Councils, will be as capable of administering these departments as the Executive Governments of the past, and my only doubt, based on experience of the past ten years, is whether the necessary goodwill and sense of responsibility will be forthcoming in the Legislatures. One can only hope for the best.

It is, however, a mistake to suppose, as some advocates seem to think, that the present proposals have been rendered feasible by the advance in public opinion or by the growth of an increased capacity for administration or a greater sense of responsibility among provincial politicians. On the contrary, the experience of the past fifteen years has shown that Indian politicians have displayed far less capacity and far less sense of responsibility than most people would have credited to them in 1918. In these two qualities and in their respect for law and order, there has been a distinct and very well marked retrogression from 1919 onwards, ever since the inception of the first non-co-operation or civil disobedience movement. For this retrogression the governments in India, especially the Central Government, have been largely responsible by the weakness which they have displayed in dealing with open manifestations of disorder and by the bad example they have thereby set to the Indian Ministers.

Personally I should have been even more ready in 1918 to trust Indian Ministers with the responsibility for law and order than I am now; in fact, I always held that it was a mistake not to transfer these branches of Provincial administration to Ministers at any rate in some provinces, and I actually put forward a suggestion to the Subjects Committee in 1918 that the experiment should be tried. But at that time official British opinion was against any such experiment, and Indian politicians were afraid to undertake the responsibility, so the

opportunity of teaching ministers a real lesson by giving them real responsibility was lost. Why those who opposed such an experiment in 1918 have now changed their views in the face of circumstances which have altered for the worse and not for the better, is not very clear.

11. One matter in which to my mind the Joint Committee has not gone far enough to meet Indian opinion or sentiment, and has shown its diffidence and distrust of its own proposals, is its proposal to retain the recruitment by the Secretary of State of All-India Civil and Police services for employment in the Provinces. It is difficult to see how, if it really believes in its own proposals, it can think it necessary or advisable to retain the existing organization of these services. Not only is it unlikely to prove to be a safeguard but, on the contrary, I fear that it will be likely to lead to a very early dispute, if not a deadlock, between the Ministers and Legislature on the one hand and the Governor and the Governor-General and Secretary of State on the other. In that event the position of members of these services is likely to become very unpleasant and invidious.

12. The proposals relating to the provinces, though removing most of the defects of the present half-baked scheme and thus clearing away some occasions for dispute between the Ministers and the Governor, or between the Executive and the Legislature, will still leave a number of danger spots. The Joint Committee express their hope that these danger spots may be avoided or passed over by the exercise of goodwill and good sense. But the experience of the present scheme has contained so many instances of almost childish irresponsibility among the Provincial legislatures, not only towards the Executive Government but also towards their own Ministers, that I see no reason to suppose that all such manifestations will cease under the new dispensation. However, in spite of their optimism, the Joint Committee have done their best to provide safety

valves or emergency arrangements against possible breakdowns, and so long as Governors and the Governor-General are ready and willing to make use of their reserved powers in the event of emergencies, I see no reason why the scheme, so far as the Provincial Administrations are concerned should not be carried on without any serious breakdown. And, at any rate, for this part of their recommendations the Joint Committee has behind it the high authority of the Statutory Commission.

Selection of Governors.

For one safeguard against the wrecking tactics which experience of recent years has shown will most probably be adopted by the Provincial legislatures, it is impossible to make provision in a Statute, and that is the great care which will be necessary in the selection of Provincial Governors. These officials will have need of tact and firmness far in excess of anything that the existing system has called for, and unfortunately it is only too true that in the past many Provincial Governors more especially those appointed from England have been selected for reasons quite other than their fitness for the posts they are to occupy. We have been told by an ex-Viceroy that the Viceroys and Provincial Governors have during the past thirteen years exercised their functions under the Montagu-Chelmsford Scheme with tact and firmness and have not been afraid to make use of their reserved powers whenever necessary. But the experience of most people who have been in touch with Indian affairs does not agree in this view. There have been many instances, which there is not space to quote here, of failure to exercise either tact or firmness; there has been too great readiness to make concessions where firmness would have been more effective, while instances of the reverse have not been wanting.

13. It is chiefly in regard to the Federal scheme and the Central Authority that the recommendations of the Joint Committee fall short of that high

standard which one is entitled to expect of such a body. The first section of the Report seems to me to lead to the conclusion that the members of the Committee realize the necessity of going slowly in the re-organization of the Central Government and of giving the Provincial units, which Federation must ultimately include, ample time to show how they work their own new constitution before bringing Federation into being. But though they seem to have realized the danger of too great haste, they seem also to have been overwhelmed by the necessity of backing up the Government's White Paper by introducing Federation with responsibility along with the reformed Provincial arrangements. It is, I presume, this conflict between their perception of what is best, and their desire to justify the Government and its spokesmen, that has led to the spirit of diffidence which breathes through the third and fourth sections of the Report, and to the extraordinary inconsequence of their ratiocination. There is no space within the limits of this article to deal seriatim with all the assertions unbacked by argument or facts, or the hopes and expectations unjustified by past experience with which the Joint Committee has attempted to justify its recommendations; but I will select one or two of the explanations which have since been put forward by supporters of the proposals in Parliament and elsewhere of the reasons for which they arrived at their conclusions.

14. The first and most weighty of them is that advanced by one of the most eminent protagonists, Sir A. Chamberlain. He tells us that when he first joined the Joint Committee he felt grave doubts as to the advisability or possibility of introducing any kind of Federation with responsibility at the Centre, until after an exhaustive trial of the new Provincial arrangements. But as the enquiry went on he became so convinced of the inherent weakness of the present central government to deal with the new conditions which will arise under

the new Provincial system, that he was driven to accept the imperative necessity of having some kind of responsible government in the centre. This is truly an astounding argument. Is Sir A. Chamberlain not aware that for over 150 years, the Central Government, when far weaker and having far less prestige behind it than it has at present, has not merely held its own but has gone on increasing its power of control in circumstances infinitely more difficult and dangerous than exist at present? Is he not aware that the Central Government has during that 150 years had to deal with and control Native States exercising quite as independent powers and functions as the new responsible Provincial Government will do and yet has succeeded in asserting and establishing a doctrine of suzerainty or paramountcy over these Native States? How then can he say that this Government is so intrinsically weak that it would be incapable, during a relatively short period of time, of maintaining its position against the new Provincial Governments while they are finding their feet? It is true that the Central Government's powers were seriously impaired by the foolish proposals of the Montagu-Chelmsford Scheme: it is true that during the past quarter of a century, in fact ever since the departure of Lord Curzon, the Government of India has shown itself woefully weak and ready to yield to pressure, and in recent years has allowed its Legislature to assert claims which the Montagu-Chelmsford Scheme was not intended by its author to give it: but that is due to the feebleness of its personnel rather than to any inherent weakness in its constitution. The argument betrays a woeful ignorance of the history and achievements of the British Raj and a misunderstanding of the powers which the Central Government can exercise if its members and the Secretary of State would only be willing to exercise them.

15. Another argument which has been put forward by the late Viceroy, Lord Halifax, is that while admittedly the Scheme is full of anomalies, one of the

secrets of British success has been that we have never been afraid of anomalies. For the word *anomalies* substitute *muddles* and we get the old stock argument that the British have always *somehow muddled through*. Apart from the fact that the British Empire has had a comparatively brief life and has certainly not always succeeded in muddling through the difficulties made for it by its politicians without seriously impairing its power and prestige, even if this argument were true, it is hardly a good reason for going out of our way to create muddles. But unfortunately a number of our so-called statesmen are so proud of this alleged British faculty for muddling through that they seem to take a delight in creating muddles so as to give their people an opportunity to display it.

16. But perhaps the most astounding argument for haste is that advanced by the Marquis of Lothian in the House of Lords. He said that the policy of going slowly in the matter of Federation would result in non-co-operation, civil disobedience, repression and revolution,—but that if we boldly adopt all the recommendations of the Joint Committee he has reason to believe that Mr. Gandhi will call off the unconstitutional device of civil disobedience and induce his followers to return to constitutional methods!

Now I do not for one moment believe that if we adopted the Simon Commission Scheme as it stood and left the Central Government untouched there would be any trouble whatever beyond manifestations of civil disobedience among a small class such as we have had already and such as can easily be put down by a moderate display of firmness. But in any case I cannot believe that Parliament is ready to accept the view that the future of the British Raj and of the constitutional arrangements for a collection of states and provinces containing over 300 millions of people is to be largely determined by the intentions, peaceful or otherwise, of a discredited charlatan, whose unconstitutional activities

could have been squashed at any time in the last fifteen years by a Government which had possessed a slight modicum of common sense and firmness. Moreover, we now know that the people whom Lord Lothian is so anxious to conciliate have definitely rejected the Joint Committee's proposals as unacceptable.

17. That the majority of the Joint Committee do not fully understand the implications of their own proposals can be inferred from their recommendation for the retention of the present Political Service which consists chiefly of officers posted to the Native States as Residents and Political Agents. So long as the Native Rulers occupy a position of subordination to the paramount power the existence of a corps of agents to the Viceroy and Governor-General to keep an eye on the State Administration and to act as watch dogs for the suzerain power is a perfectly reasonable arrangement. But it is difficult to see how its continuance can be justified when the Native States accede to a Federation in which they will be more or less equal partners. Are we to infer that the Committee do not expect the majority of the States to accede to the Federation?

18. The general conclusion at which I arrive after reading their report is that the Committee would have preferred to go ahead only with the reform of the Provincial Governments and to go slow with that of the Central Authority and with the federation scheme but that they were prevented, partly by a mistaken idealism, partly by unreasonable fear of the consequences, and partly by loyalty to the Government which appointed them, from making that recommendation.

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street (Author of "Farmer's Glory")

December 15th.

THIS evening I went to the Shepherd's Supper at Salisbury, and the company filled the Guildhall almost to overflowing. Shepherds, farmers, and County Council Officials all in harmony, and all concerned with the betterment of sheep. A goodly sight indeed. Looking round the company I was struck with the number of young shepherds present. That in itself augers well for the future of farming in this light land country. But shepherds are generally considered to be ancients of days. Where were the old men? Have they passed on, or do they stay at home and send the younger generation to represent them at these evening functions? Anyway, this evening youth predominated, as I suppose it should and will.

December 16th.

And still it rains, thanks be: good steady rain, in fact real wet weather such as we have not been blessed with for two long years. There is even mud about on the farm, and near the outdoor milking outfit there's rather too much mud. As usual we are trying to stay down in the low pastures until after Christmas, because our dry-lying land on the top of the downs is nearly a mile away from home for the men. But a few days more of this sort of soak and we shall have to pack up our traps and trek up the hill once more, where we shall stay until the end of March.

December 17th.

To-day I have been walking round my pastures trying to make up my mind which of these to dress with artificials and what type of dressing to use. The manurial residue of the cake fed to the cows is having a steady beneficial effect, but those fields which are to be cut for hay next year will pay for a dose of artificials. Some

nitrogen, obviously, and in my opinion some potash also, for mine is light land. Probably the best thing to use will be a balanced fertilizer containing phosphates as well. But the great trouble with this business of top-dressing is how to apply the manure. Men who can sow moderately evenly by hand are almost extinct to-day, and I do not possess a manure distributor. I have had several in my time but as yet I have never found an efficient machine for this job. Also the existing machines are expensive. I want to run over about a hundred acres—say a good week's work for a distributor. Does that justify a capital outlay of say £30? Somehow I don't think so, because what wears these machines out is not the work they do, but the deterioration which takes place in them when they are idle in the cartshed for perhaps eleven months or more each year. Still, I must find a way out somehow, for those pastures must be top-dressed this season.

December 20th.

To-day we gave up fighting the wet weather in the low ground, and shifted the bail, the cows, and all the various odds and ends up to the downs. In every year there are a few days when outdoor milking will not bear description. Sometimes when it is wet, sometimes when a cold east wind just blows straight into the milking shed, and, sometimes, what is far more frequent, a thundery afternoon in summer when the fly is busy. Yesterday was one of these days. The recent rains has turned the low pasture into a quagmire, and knowing this, I wandered up to the bail in the afternoon in order to cheer up the sufferers. After milking Charlie spoke his mind, "Rain or shine we shifts to-morrow. I bain't gwaine to stay down yer another day fer no man. 'Tis a fair B——." Volumes could not have described the conditions more aptly. However this afternoon the whole outfit was happy and comfortable on the clean close turf of the Wiltshire downs.

December 22nd.

Am still puzzling over my manuring difficulty. A day or two ago a friend showed me some drawings of a Danish manure distributor which seemed to comply better with farming requirements and to exhibit fewer obvious weaknesses than any machine I have seen up-to-date. But the price is fairly stiff, and the same question as to how long such a machine will last has to be faced. Experience has taught me that the best way out of most difficulties is to persuade somebody else to tackle them, so it has occurred to me that the people who sell artificial manures should sell them spread, and charge accordingly. By far the great majority of farmers have much too small a holding to warrant the cost of keeping an efficient manure distributor, and I am perfectly certain that the sales of artificial manures would double if they could be purchased as I have suggested. To-day hundreds, even thousands of farmers, who wish to use artificials, do not buy artificials because of this difficulty of getting them distributed. Surely it would pay the makers of these commodities to arrange for their distribution? Anyway, I here make the suggestion, and promise my order to the first man who offers to spread what I purchase.

December 25th.

A wet green Christmas Day. Too wet for golf, too wet for anything sensible according to my wife, so I did something foolish, and something which I have never before done on a Christmas Day. I went fishing on a lake, with my brother-in-law—also a fool like myself, according to his better half—and his small boy. Arrayed in mackintoshes we rowed a heavy punt into the middle of a lake, and fished for perch. Really the rain was such that we warranted our wives' description, but we stuck it out long enough to catch a dozen perch, and so confound the ladies on our return. Then, wet through but extraordinarily cheerful, we sought a hot bath. Somehow or other it occurs to me that rarely have I

enjoyed a Christmas afternoon quite so thoroughly, or faced a turkey in the evening half so eagerly.

December 28th.

And still it rains, but neither I nor any countryman should grouse. Rain was needed and more is still needed, although at long last the wet weather is having a marked effect on the rivers in this district. Besides, as long as one is moving about, rain does no harm. This morning I walked round some outlying hedgerows with two of my keeper friends in pelting rain, and we got wet to the skin. We were after some outlying cock pheasants —very wily gentry as a rule. To-day they lived up to that reputation, but, even so, we managed to bag a half-dozen by lunch time. Then the rain came down worse than ever, so we decided to call it a day.

December 31st.

A fine sunny day which was a welcome break in the almost continuous rain of the past fortnight. It is queer how Dame Nature usually manages to average things up most years. This evening a friend who keeps an account of the annual rainfall told me that 1934, owing to December's effort, had almost an average rain-fall. But I am conscious that there is still some leeway to make up for 1933, and hope that we shall get this in the month of May, for a wet May means heavy crops of most things.

January 1st.

To-day a friend took me to a local depot of Sprout, Ltd., to have a look at the process of sprouting grain in cabinets in order to produce fresh fodder in mid-winter. The whole thing was most interesting. By means of artificial heat and chemicals the grain makes about the same growth in ten days as that after about fourteen weeks sowing in the open. Roughly in ten days every pound of grain results in four or five pounds of fresh green fodder. It is just one more example of how science is trying to aid the farming industry. At the moment

this new departure is still largely in the experimental stage, but undoubtedly it has possibilities. But what is the good of all these innovations when our administrators seem bent on further restriction of our present farming production?

January 2nd.

My daily papers tell me that there is still considerable activity in the farming world about malting barley, and that efforts are being made to induce the Chancellor of the Exchequer to reduce the whisky duty with the idea that this will improve the market for malting barley. "Every little helps," and farming needs every little help, but do not let us forsake the substance for the shadow. Livestock is the substance, in that it brings in nearly three-quarters of our farmers' money takings, while barley is responsible for about 2 per cent. only. Let us try to get the bigger thing put on a prosperous basis first. Why eggs alone are nearly four times more important financially than barley to British farmers! We must not lose sense of proportion in farming politics.

January 3rd.

There are newly-born lambs on the Wiltshire hillsides already, and just now the shepherd is at his busiest. Which pleases me, for the other day I saw a machine for trimming hedges, which means, I suppose, that soon another old-time craftsman, the hedger in his apron of sacking, will be superseded by the machine. It is dangerous to prophesy, I know, but I do not think anyone in my lifetime will invent a machine which will lamb down a flock of ewes satisfactorily. So my friends the shepherds are safe, even if all other farming is to be a business of knives and cog-wheels. Again I think of the manure distributor, and suggest to our inventors that they would have been better advised to leave the hedging to the hedger, while they devoted their attention to producing a machine which farming does need.

January 5th.

Recent figures show that prices for farm produce were three points up on December, 1933, and ten points up on December 1932. This is good news, and seems to point that farming has taken a turn for the better. However, if a comparison of prices for 1934 and the average for the pre-war years, 1911–1913 be taken, it will be seen that 1934 shows 113 points to the latter's 100. Which would seem to point out that labour is getting its fair share, for farm wages, if shorter hours are taken into consideration, are nearly three times the pre-war figure. I mention this, not because I grudge the men their undoubted better end of the farming stick, but merely to point out to those who talk so glibly about the low wages paid to-day to farm workers that they don't know what they are talking about.

January 9th.

For some time now my town friends have been deploring the wet weather, and yearning for some cold seasonable frost, which, they told me, would brace everybody up. Well, the last few days they have had their wish, and winter now rules the countryside. I suppose that I am a weakish brother, but I do not relish this bracing up business. To-day has been bitter cold with a North-East wind, and it looks like snow. Give me warm rain every time, and so say my cows, and so say a good many birds who have been fooled by this green winter so completely that they have mated, and, in some cases, laid their eggs. Poor fools! Winter may be just, but he rarely tempers his justice with mercy, and these fools will suffer. But really everything was getting so forward in growth that a touch of cold was needed. Still, just a touch only, is my plea.

January 14th.

Having read somewhere that Inkpen Beacon was the highest chalk hill in England, I have long wanted to visit

it, and to-day I did so. There is a curious patch of lost-off country which lies in an oblong some twelve miles by six, the four corners being Hungerford, Newbury, Andover, and Lugershall. And in the middle is Inkpen Beacon. After some difficulty I reached it, and leaned my back on the gibbet post which still stands firm although a trifle out of the perpendicular. To the north, far below me, I had a wonderful view of the Kennet Valley, good gutty land; but to the south lay a desolate chalk country, peopled chiefly by rabbits. As I stood there, alone in the world with all thought of towns and bustle and crowds banished from my mind, I decided two things. Firstly, that if ever fate wills it that I must hang, I shall ask to hang on Inkpen Beacon. And secondly, that if this happens I shall try to take my last look on this world to the south, for then I shall have few regrets at leaving it, for between Inkpen Beacon and the Andover-Newbury road is a lot of barren country.

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Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

ALTHOUGH the General Election is unlikely to take place before next year British foreign policy is already under its influence. The Government is trying to steer a middle course between its supporters, who are alarmed at the defenceless condition of the country, and its opponents, who denounce as deliberately provocative any attempt to remedy this state of affairs. The Socialists have already found that misrepresentation in this sphere can gain votes, and there is every indication that " The Tories want War " will be as widely used a slogan as " Chinese Slavery " was thirty years ago. It is beside the point to describe such propaganda as unscrupulous, for it is precisely unscrupulous propaganda that wins elections.

This is the more unfortunate because it is in the field of foreign policy that the record of the National Government is worst. Animated with feelings of brotherly love towards all and sundry, not excluding Soviet Russia, it has not had a consistent programme. It has never taken the lead. It has attempted at one and the same time to do nothing that will offend the United States, seriously annoy France, weaken the bonds of Anglo-Italian friendship, or be interpreted as an affront to Germany. The result has been confusion, and the growth of mistrust on the part of the other Powers. It is quite useless to say we have clean hands, for the reply is that so had Pontius Pilate. At the next election the National Government will have to fight where it is weakest.

The Government's Record

IN all fairness, however, the whole blame cannot be laid at the door of the present administration. The responsibility for failing to maintain the national defences at a reasonable level must be shared by every ministry that has held office since the war. The consequence has been that in every discussion relative to disarmament we

have been at a disadvantage in having nothing with which to bargain, while now that circumstances are compelling us to re-arm the Socialists are not finding it difficult to persuade the ignorant masses that some sinister motive lies behind the Government's action. Mr. MacDonald is certainly deserving of censure, but Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Baldwin are equally guilty.

The worst of the Government's blunders was in April, 1932, when Germany offered not to increase her armaments for five years, provided that either she was allowed to possess aeroplanes and tanks, or that the other Powers promised to forego them. Italy and the United States agreed that this suggestion was reasonable, but Mr. MacDonald allowed the opposition of France to wreck the whole plan, and with it the prospect of disarmament. As Mr. Wheeler-Bennett pertinently remarks in *The Disarmament Deadlock*, "What a chance was here for statesmanship, what an opportunity for the British Prime Minister to take the lead in Europe." Indeed, the whole negotiations were kept shrouded in mystery, and Mr. MacDonald has since regarded any reference to them almost as a personal insult. The Socialists are not likely to allow the electorate to forget this when the election comes.

The Coming Election

AS the issue cannot now be avoided the only hope of victory lies in facing the facts, and taking the offensive. A good foreign policy by itself cannot win an election, as Mr. Balfour discovered to his cost in 1906, but a bad foreign policy can lose one. Such being the case the Government must cease presenting points to the Opposition, and the easiest way to achieve this is to remove Sir John Simon from the Foreign Office while replacing him by Mr. Anthony Eden. The former has countless failures to his debit, while the latter has one of the few triumphs of the Government, namely, the decision to co-operate in the Saar, to his credit. As for

the Liberal Nationals, not a dog of them would bark, for one and all hold their seats on Conservative sufferance. The present Foreign Secretary is like Addington, of whom Canning said that he resembled measles, in that everyone had him once.

But this is not enough. There must be a determined campaign to show the electorate why it is essential to re-arm, and this should be combined with an exposure of the Opposition policy of entering into commitments which we have not the armaments to fulfil. The exact implication of the Geneva Protocol of 1924 must also be explained, and the pitiful foreign policy of the two Socialist administrations exposed. It may be too late already to save the day, but if these measures are taken now they may prevent the defeat from becoming a rout.

The Rome Pact

THE conclusion of a new pact is not in itself a cause for rejoicing, but the more one examines the Franco-Italian agreement the more hopeful does one become that at long last a definite step forward has been taken. Whatever their faults, the French and Italians are realists, and realism was the keynote of the conversations between Signor Mussolini and M. Laval. The two statesmen do not claim to have produced a new heaven and earth, but they have elaborated a scheme which should settle certain outstanding problems. It is in the modest nature of what is being proposed that hope lies for the future.

There were two sets of questions confronting the negotiators : one concerned Italy and France alone, while in the other several neighbouring Powers were also implicated. The status of Italians in Tunis, and the Libyan frontiers, come in the first category, while the problem of Austrian independence and that of disarmament are in the second. It is no exaggeration to say that had it not been for the threat to Austria the negotiations would never have taken place at all, for, in the days of

Germany's weakness, M. Briand definitely set his face against any agreement with Italy. Herr Hitler has thus, though involuntarily, made a very considerable contribution to the peace of Europe.

The Details

THE provision by which those born in Tunis of Italian parents shall remain Italian until 1965 is wise, while the question of the Italian schools should be finally settled by the arrangement that the *status quo* is to be maintained until 1955, when they are to become private schools under the control of the French Government. This inflicts no hardship upon the present generation, while it provides for the ultimate disappearance of a foreign community, with special rights, on French soil. On the Southern Libyan frontier France is to concede some 54,000 square miles to Italy, and there is a slight concession of territory on the Red Sea. In this way the Treaty of London of 1915 has been fulfilled, for it was there laid down that Italy should receive compensation if France and Great Britain extended their colonial possessions at the expense of Germany. We performed our part of the bargain in 1924 by the cession of Jubaland.

So far as Austria is concerned, there is to be a guarantee of her independence, and a promise to abstain from interference in her internal affairs. Germany will be asked to associate herself with this declaration on the same footing as Austria's other neighbours. Lastly, France and Italy are to make one last effort to secure at any rate the limitation of armaments at their present level, while admitting the German claim to equality.

France, Italy and Germany

THE two obvious criticisms of the agreement are that it is aimed against Germany, and that France stands to gain very little by it. The first of these is only true if it be admitted that Berlin has designs on the independence of Austria. Signor Mussolini, too, has only

threatened Germany in the last resort. He tried the Four Power Pact, and he had a personal interview with Herr Hitler at Venice. Neither had the effect of reducing German pressure on Austria, so he has sought the collaboration of France and the Little Entente. The German Government has only itself to blame for what has happened, but even now it can save its face by associating itself with the other neighbours of Austria.

Italy is clearly the chief gainer by the agreement, and it is the realization of this that is causing Paris to look to London for some compensation for the sacrifice which it is felt has been made in the cause of peace. Frenchmen are recalling Mr. Baldwin's statement that the British frontier is now the Rhine, and are saying that the corollary of this would be to station several squadrons of the Royal Air Force on the Franco-German boundary. This would at last give them that security they have so long been seeking. There would, it is true, be a precedent for this, namely, the Dutch garrisons in the border fortresses of the Netherlands in the eighteenth century, but it is hardly one the National Government would care to follow.

The Habsburg Question

THOSE of us who believe that the independence of Austria can only be preserved by the return of the Habsburgs cannot but derive considerable satisfaction from that paragraph of the Rome pact by which France and Italy recommend to the interested parties "the conclusion of an agreement of non-interference in their respective internal affairs, and of a reciprocal undertaking not to incite, or support any action, calculated to make forcible attempts against the territorial integrity of a political or social régime of any one of the contracting parties." Of course, this is little more than a re-affirmation of Article 10 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, but it should put an end to the Little Entente's threat of force to prevent a Habsburg restoration.

Curiously little has been said in the British Press of the recent interview given by the Archduke Otto to M. Bertrand de Jouvenel which appeared in *Le Petit Journal* of December 23, 1934. The Archduke declared himself in favour of the Corporate State, and emphasized the fact that he was far from confusing the Parliamentary System with democracy. As the present Austrian Constitution is corporate in character this means that the Archduke does not wish to make any sweeping changes on his return. In these circumstances the attitude adopted by Signor Mussolini and M. Laval, namely, that the régime question is Austria's affair and no one else's, is fully justified.

The Lesson of the Saar

WHETHER we approve of the present régime in Germany or not we must all be unfeignedly thankful that no less than 90 per cent. of the voters in the Saar opted for reunion with the Reich. Any lesser percentage would have given rise to a demand in certain quarters for a partition of the territory, and that could only have resulted in an international crisis of the first magnitude. The small poll for union with France is also noteworthy, as showing that the Third Republic has not the power of assimilation that the old monarchy, and even the Second Empire, possessed to a remarkable extent.

The lesson of the plebiscite is to place no faith in the anti-Nazi *emigrés*. They have neither numbers, courage, nor ability. Like the French Royalists at Coblentz, the so-called White Russians, and the *fuorusciti* they are too heavily tarred with the anti-patriotic brush to be any real danger to their opponents. What Herr Hitler has to fear is rather opposition from within than those who sank so low as to instigate the inhabitants of the Saar to strike at their own country in the hope, not of victory, but of damaging the present régime in Germany. The man who reviles the land that gave him birth, from the safety of exile, is a figure for contempt, not compassion.

How different was the attitude of James II, who when his last hopes were shattered at La Hogue, could not resist exclaiming, "None but my brave English sailors could have done this." But, then, with all his faults, James was a gentleman.

The Italian Economic Position

THERE has been much ill-informed, and some deliberately malicious, talk of late about the alleged economic and financial chaos in Italy. The latest figures give the lie to the alarmists, and definitely show that the situation is improving. At the end of November, 1933, the budget deficit was 1,921 million lire, whereas at the same date last year it had been reduced to 908 million lire. The statement published by the Bank of Italy on December 20 last shows that the reserves have increased by 30·6 million lire, while the note currency has fallen from 13,016 million lire to 12,756 million. In October, 1933, the general index figure of industrial production (1928 = 100) was 83·1, and in October, 1934, it was 95·2.

The adoption of the 40-hour week has diminished unemployment, and the number of unemployed has fallen from 1,066,215 to 969,944; that is to say it is about half the British figure in spite of the fact that during the past year the depression in other countries has resulted in the return to Italy of some 248,000 Italian workers. It would be absurd to say that Italy is not suffering from the world depression, for her export trade is still very hard hit, but there is no foundation whatever for the wild statements, hinting at impending collapse, which are being so freely made by those who have financial and political axes of their own to grind.

The Corporate State

THE steady stream of books in all languages on the subject of Corporatism is significant, and the latest addition, "Le Siècle du Corporatisme," by Mihail Manoilesco (Librairie Felix Alcan. 40 frs.), is most

welcome. M. Manoilesco is not only a distinguished Rumanian statesman, who represented his country at the Convegno Volta in Rome in 1932, but he is one of the leaders of that band of European thinkers who believe that in the Corporate State alone the modern world will find the solution of its difficulties. In his present work he deals with every aspect of the problem of which he treats, and he is strongly of the opinion that the corporate system is more easily adaptable than any other to the national genius of individual nations.

To the English reader two of M. Manoilesco's conclusions will be of particular interest. The first is that the Corporate State can be most successfully worked under a monarchy, always the guardian of the national interest, and the second is that it does not connote a Fascist régime. The author clearly distinguishes between Fascism and the corporate system, and he shows how the fact that in Italy the latter was established by the former has no significance outside that country. It is to be hoped that this book will have a wide public in the British Isles, for it is temperate in tone and based upon sound knowledge. Those who wish to keep abreast of the best Continental thought certainly cannot afford to ignore it.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HUGH KINGSMILL

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Literary Notes

" Great Contemporaries "

IN a publisher's note at the beginning of this excellent collection of short biographies (" Great Contemporaries," Cassell. 8s. 6d.) we read that the reputations of the persons celebrated " cannot feel the pinch of time." This is too sanguine. Thirty-seven persons appear in this volume, and the reputations of at least twenty-five out of the thirty-seven will continue to feel the pinch of time as long as they are alive enough to feel anything. In a hundred years from now a casual reference to Viscount Cecil of Churtwood, for example, or Ibn Sa'ud, or Henry Ford, or Ramsay Macdonald, will not give renewed life to a flagging conversation. Of the twelve or so likely to be remembered by posterity, music, philosophy and the plastic arts provide four or five. Literature is unrepresented.

The chief interest of this collection is that it brings

out the picturesque and melodramatic character of the present age. We are supposed to be living in a standardized routine-ridden epoch, in which the machine is everything and the man nothing, but posterity will not take this view of the age of Lenin, Mussolini, Hitler, Mustafa Kemal and Stalin. There is as much matter for the historical novelist of the future in the first third of this century as in the combined epochs of Elizabeth, Cromwell and the French Revolution. With a little stretching of the facts, a Conan Doyle or Seton Merriman of two hundred years hence will be able to show five despots jostling one another in the day of their obscurity on the shores of the Lake of Zurich. Lenin, Stalin and Mussolini would be introduced to the reader in a squalid café. They are toasting the sacred name of Marx, and do not heed a swarthy young Turk who, as he walks along, examines the faces of the Zurich maidens and wonders whether the abolition of the veil ought to be included in his programme for Westernizing his native land. He is still debating the matter when a barouche containing an elderly Prussian officer knocks a pail of paint out of the hand of an absent-minded young house-painter. The brusque but kindly officer stops his carriage, hands Adolf Hitler a five franc piece, and bids the coachman drive on, little dreaming in what circumstances he, Paul von Hindenburg, will next meet this youth.

Our historical novelist, it may be noticed, has not mentioned Trotzky, thus showing disrespect both to Trotzky and to Mr. Harold Laski, who, in the sketch he contributes to "Great Contemporaries," affirms that Trotzky "can no more be ignored than Luther or Napoleon." A wild enthusiasm for striking individuals is one of the most pleasing weaknesses in the adherents of the Marxist philosophy. "On any showing," according to Mr. Laski, who repeats this phrase four times in ten pages, Trotzky is as gigantic a figure as he is on the showing of Trotzky himself. Nevertheless, one may safely assume that the historical novelist of the future,

if he knows his business, will substitute Stalin for Trotzky as Lenin's Zurich companion, and that no historian in days to come will affirm that Luther and Napoleon can no more be ignored than Trotzky.

Lamb

"THE Life of Francis Maria Kelly," by Miss L. E. Holman (Methuen, 6s.) is an interesting contribution to the literature of Charles Lamb. Miss Holman gives a full account of Lamb's proposal to Miss Kelly, whom he had known for some years, both as an actress and as a friend, before he asked her to share his home with his sister and himself. "In many a sweet assumed character," he wrote to her, "I have learned to love you, but simply as F. M. Kelly I love you better than them all." Miss Kelly declined his proposal in a rather tart letter. As the unattained object of the Earl of Essex's dishonourable desires, she was perhaps offended at Lamb's temerity. Lamb took her refusal perfectly, replying in a letter which is intensely pathetic because altogether free from self-pity. More than thirty years later, when she was old and poor, Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon organized a farewell benefit for her. Lemon was to write the play for the benefit, but he did not finish it. Dickens meanwhile fell ill, and the performance was cancelled. Some of those who had bought tickets did not ask for a refund, and there was therefore a certain sum available for Miss Kelly, who wrote to Dickens to ask how much money there was for her. Dickens, who had retained the money to cover his expenses, instructed his wife to reply, and Mrs. Dickens wrote: "My husband desires me to say that there is no balance worth mentioning." This is the side of Dickens which his disingenuous admirers try to suppress, thus tacitly suggesting that he has to be falsified before he can be appreciated. The other day Mr. Desmond MacCarthy said: "It is no longer worth while to write about Dickens except to praise him." From the economic standpoint this statement is and always has been true,

but the genius of Dickens entitles him to be treated with more sincerity than is to be found in the obituary notices of modern millionaires.

"Debunking" Wellington

SINCERITY in an English writer has always been attributed to some infection caught from a foreign source. A hundred and fifty years ago there was the Voltaire-Rousseau infection; eighty years ago the Balzac-George Sand infection; forty years ago the Ibsen-Zola infection; and to-day there is the Freud, pronounced to rhyme with lewd. The Freudian influence is supposed to show itself in a desire to "debunk" some illustrious figure of the past. "Debunking" is a modern vulgarism meaning the substitution of the truth for pleasant fictions. Forty years ago Lord Roberts, in his life of Wellington, controverted Tennyson's sentimentalization of Wellington as follows: "There appears to be no instance in Wellington's military career of his adopting a course where his duty was opposed to his interests, or of his being called upon to sacrifice the latter in order to carry out the former. In his case the paths of duty and of personal advancement were identical." No one attacked Lord Roberts. But it is depressing to think that a man has to enter the army and work his way up from second lieutenant to commander-in-chief before he is allowed to write a truthful biography in England.

Marjory Fleming

THIS volume ("The Complete Marjory Fleming: 1802–1812: Her Journals, Letters and Verse." Transcribed and edited by Frank Sidgwick. Sidgwick and Jackson, 5s.) is valuable as a complete record of this extraordinary child, but trying to the reader, who would appreciate Marjory's journals and letters more easily if they were reproduced in a less close imitation of their original form. More is lost than gained by adhering to the short lines in which she wrote her prose. Two or

three words to a line give a disjointed effect which soon becomes wearisome, and the reader is not compensated by a reproduction of Marjory's actual handwriting. But even in this form she retains her fascination. In his excellent introduction Mr. Sidgwick dissipates the sentimentality in which Dr. John Brown invested her, though he is too hard on Dr. Brown, a very attractive character less tainted by false sentiment than most of his contemporaries.

The frontispiece shows that Marjory was stoutly-built and without any beauty. " I am very strong and robust," she wrote, " but not of the delicate sex nor of the fair, but of the deficent in look. People who are deficent in looks can make up for it by virtue. . . . Every Morn I awake before Isa and Oh I wish to be up with the Turkies, but I must take care of Isa who when asleep is as beautiful as Viness and Jupiter in the skies." The conflict between the poet and the moralist is already apparent. One wonders whether, had she lived, she would have been another George Eliot or a richer and greater Jane Austen.

A Better Example

MR. CECIL ROBERTS, reviewing a book by Mr. Ian Bowen—" The opening sentence is a good example of how not to write English."

Mr. Cecil Roberts, later in the same article : " People will read the brochure . . . for various reasons. Some because Fowler was for many years a master at Sedbergh, some because they knew him at Rugby or Balliol, and some, like myself, who did not know him at all, because he has long been a personal friend, arising from his work on the Concise English Dictionary."

Fiction

LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES. By BRYAN GUINNESS. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)
A FROWARD CHILD. By WALTER DE LA MARE. (Faber & Faber. 2s. 6d.)
THE POPE FROM THE GHETTO. By GERTRUDE VON LE FORT. (Sheed & Ward. 7s. 6d.)

THE title of Mr. Guinness's novel is an apt description of his story in which the households of a country peer, of two less respectable artists, of a scheming ex-land agent, and of the schoolmaster with whom the peer's small boy has been placed in the neighbouring cathedral town are drawn into a pattern. When the allotted space of canvas has been filled, the story stops but, one feels, could have been extended indefinitely. Beyond the demur that differences of type and class might have made the intimacy of these families less easy than the author assumes, there is no incongruity in the arrangement. The style is silky, the interest maintained, the characters are distinct, but the author's originality lies in the native skill with which he shows each character absorbed in its own concerns, so that any couple of them may never be more apart than when together or when vainly imagining the thoughts that fill the head which happens to preoccupy them. Nothing is over emphasized, and the novel is remembered as a picture might be that fulfilled this quiet, but imagination-stirring, description. The fanciful adventures of the boy, the religious reveries of the girl, the sensual weakness of one of the artists, and the familiar miseries of a private school are described with equal competence, but the story holds one for the pictorial composition and for the insight with which the inner life of people who might suppose they had no such thing is conveyed. It is a book to be recommended to discriminating readers.

Mr. de la Mare's short story, which describes a crescendo of mysterious tension during a journey by train on a cold winter evening, is not an example of his famous effects in this kind. It seems rather to have been written to show the different ways in which an imaginative woman and a prosaic man will regard a

strange and abnormal encounter. When the alarming and mysterious old man had disappeared from Lavinia's compartment and the railway officials came to ask her if she had seen such a person, she denied all knowledge of him despite the discomfort that his blend of misery and cunning had occasioned. The man to whom she confides this secret is bewildered, but she answers: "No, Charles. . . . It's easy not to think if you don't feel. . . . Is there nothing in this miserable world can make us realize—*others*?" I do not recall a more convincing simple instance of the gulf that makes imagination and want of imagination inexplicable to one another. To illuminate such platitudes requires a magician, and in orderly England this unconcern with order has an added ironical power.

The Pope from the Ghetto, translated by Mr. Conrad Bonacina from the German, is a very remarkable historical novel. Two facts, however, stand in the way of a due appreciation of this book. Its subject and period are unfamiliar, and the form of the telling, which is that of a chronicle pieced together from fragments attributed to different hands, is confusing to those not steeped in the period. The theme is no less than the elevation of a Jew to the Papacy, as related by Gibbon in the last volume of his great history. In the fourteenth century, during the reign of Leo IX, the wealthy Jew Pierleone was baptized, to the horror of the Jews in Rome, and his son—Gibbon makes it his grandson—was raised to the papal throne as the anti-pope Anacletus II. Meanwhile, Pierleone had reverted to Judaism on his death-bed and his son (or grandson) revenged the outraged Jews by occasioning the schism in Christendom. This strange story is told here through the emotions it excited in the principal characters, and it leaves a vivid impression of the life and feuds that distracted the city of Rome in this disordered period of her history. The author has achieved a very distinguished piece of historical fiction, which reads exactly

like the contemporary chronicle that it purports to be. It cannot be called everybody's book, but for those who appreciate good work, respond to historical imagination, and are willing to have their knowledge of a remote epoch enlarged, it is a conjuration. Though written by a Catholic, the book displays the religious tenacity of the Jews with a force and simplicity that should make it as prizeworthy to them as it must be to connoisseurs of historical fiction.

OSBERT BURDETT.

General Booth

THE last important biography of the year is a life of the first General Booth, founder of the Salvation Army. (God's Soldier by St. John Ervine: Heinemann: 2 vols.: 36s.) Born in 1829, under William IV., Booth began his active career before the Indian Mutiny, and died two years after the Coronation of George V. His father was a speculative builder; his mother, a Jewess, was the daughter of a hawker; he himself was a saint, for which reason, as his biographer remarks, the Dean of Westminster was not prepared to allow him burial in the Abbey.

The history of Booth's early years is the history of the later years of the second Puritan revival in England, the years when Protestantism was still an evangelical force, though Wesleyansim, torn into sects, had lost its first emotional force and was suffering the defection of the young and ardent into a hundred vanities of worldly enterprise. The Chapel in those days was the meeting place of the socially ineligible, who were, however, confident that they were the elect of God. They were the sons and grandsons of the people whom the abuses of the established Church and its social exclusiveness had lost to religion, and whom the Wesleyans had regained. William Booth was not, as he would be to-day, remarkable because when he came to London as a penniless young man he joined a chapel. That was the spirit of the age. He was remarkable because he killed the spirit of the age into which he was born. In intention an evangelist, and by nature a puritan and married to a woman of the same temper, he was also a rebel, like so many authoritarians and so many saints. He knew. The result was that he found a new form for the new

revelation of social betterment, and left the chapels and meeting-houses with the dry bones of Bible Christianity. The first man of his age to be possessed of any real knowledge of the realities of poverty in Puritan England, he became a social reformer by the simple process of preaching to the poor, the drunken and the vicious. As early as 1863, he was, as an interesting poster quoted by Mr. Ervine shows, organizing meetings which were addressed not only by himself and brother ministers but also by converted pugilists, horse-racers and other ex-sinners. Here we see the impresario strain derived from his Jewish mother blending with his puritan conviction that a pugilist or a horse-racer is ipso facto in need of conversion. He never lost this attitude. In 1910 we find him writing of prison reformers—" They think with greater kindness, some improvement will be effected. I think that by greater kindness, without some definite effort at conversion, more evil will be done than good."

Booth's tragedy was that his desire to help the outcast drove him out of all the organized Protestant communities, while his innate puritanism made his own foundation, like that which he had left, just another Church of the Elect. His account of his foundation of the Army in 1878 is characteristic—" There met at Whitechapel such a company of men and women assembled there, aye, perhaps, such a company, all things considered, as never met on the face of the earth before. . . . a little band of unlearned and ignorant men met in the great Metropolis, determined to shake the whole country out of the sleep of sin." We have known Christians to forget Christ, but the picture of a devout apostle forgetting the apostles must be unique in the annals of egotism—even among the lives of the saints.

The cardinal merit of Mr. Ervine's book is that Booth's saintliness shines for us in his pages in and through his very ordinary humanity. He was a crusader, and when he crashed into drawing-rooms and government offices the man was more effective than the saint. He had captured the poor by appealing to their imagination : his theatrical gift was remarkable, and he did not shrink, as a complete Anglo-Saxon would have shrunk, from exploiting it to the full. But in " the world of niggling niceness," as Mr. Ervine aptly terms the wealthier sections of society fifty years ago, Booth was less effective. His religion of the Elect had no attraction for persons who had never suffered from being socially ineligible. So far as he influenced them at all it was in

the direction of facing the facts of this world, but, since he did not convince them of another world, their increased clarity of outlook soon vanished, without leaving any trace of its passage in their conduct. Lady Oxford told us long ago how Booth made her kneel down and pray with him in a railway carriage, but on this occasion, perhaps, less things were wrought by prayer than Booth dreamed of. Among the nation's leaders Booth was just a social reformer. Our leaders still lead, and all that the Elect can do is to vote for someone else at an election.

This biography, for all its massiveness, is interesting from the first page to the last for those who can bear saints. To those who cannot bear saints, even at a distance, I would not recommend it.

H. J.

Notorious Victorians

VICTORIAN PARADE. By HORACE WYNDHAM. (Frederick Muller Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.)

IT would be of great help to both author and reader if critics were to preface their opinions with a statement that they have or have not read every word of the book under review. At any rate, the present writer derives much pleasure from saying that he has not only read every word of "Victorian Parade" but has enjoyed every paragraph and fully intends to re-read it at the earliest possible opportunity. It is one of the most fascinating works inspired by the Victorian Age. In fact, it justifies the existence of the Victorian Age, if only because such an age could produce such a book. Mr. Horace Wyndham should be kept at the expense of the State in order to give us more and yet more entrancing glimpses into what, in the pages of most writers, is a dull and stodgy period.

For the Victorians were nothing like so tedious as they appear in the writings of their vindicators. They were, in many respects, not unlike ourselves, except that their comments on one another had a freedom unknown in modern controversy. Though they were perhaps more smug than we, we are certainly more mealy-mouthed than they. Though they were more respectable, we are more respectful. Faults enough, no doubt, in both ages, but the laugh will be with our successors, who will in turn be laughed at by theirs; and so the history of mankind is one long laugh, each age roaring over the comicalities of its forerunners.

Mr. Wyndham gives us a lot to laugh over in "Victorian

Parade," but the laugh is not wholly one-sided, because he makes us realize that imbecility did not pass out of the world with Queen Victoria. Things are said by eminent modern people and things happen in the modern world that will be just as funny to our grandchildren as the sayings and doings of our grandparents are to us, and Mr. Wyndham's urbane and witty style conveys his consciousness of this.

Here, then, are half a dozen episodes from the past, and each is written with such skill and subtlety that the average successful novel or biography appears commonplace by comparison. We have the story of the Foreign Office clerk who sold the Anglo-Russian Treaty to a newspaper, which brought about an international "crisis" and nearly caused the failure of the Berlin ("Peace with Honour") Conference. We are given the curious history of Lady Florence Dixie, sister of Lord Queensberry (of the "Rules"), who was assaulted by Irish Land Leaguers, or who, like other ladies known to history and the police courts, imagined the assault. We are told the astonishing story of Laurence Oliphant and "Prophet" Harris, an early American spell-binder, and the amazing story of a famous Dissenter's divorce. The facts concerning Mrs. Ormiston Chant's attempt to purify London by abolishing the Empire promenade are carefully laid before us, and we are treated to an account of a mutiny in the Grenadier Guards.

The book is exciting and entertaining from beginning to end.

HESKETH PEARSON.

Swift in Confidential Mood

THE LETTERS OF JONATHAN SWIFT TO CHARLES FORD. Edited by DAVID NICHOL SMITH, MERTON PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. (Milford : Clarendon Press. Oxford. 1935. 15s. Net.)

PROFESSOR NICHOL SMITH gives us in this volume, fifty-one letters from Dean Swift to his friend Charles Ford, of which all except one are now published for the first time. The value of this unique collection, presented with the advantages of perfect typography and make-up by the Clarendon Press, is enhanced by a capacious index, and notes which free the text from all obscurity. The letters range from the year 1708 to 1737. As Editor from 1712 to 1714 of the "London Gazette," Ford was

enabled to acquire that knowledge of the scene behind the scene which he displays in this correspondence, while the temperamentally uncommunicative Dean reveals himself to this friend as he does to no one else except "Stella." Intent upon the preservation of his anonymity, he sends Ford a polemical pamphlet. "Do not send it by the Penny post, nor your man, but by a porter when you are not at your Lodgings. . . . and let the same Hand direct it, and seal it with an unknown seal." Vivid are the incidental pictures of London life. The great Duke of Marlborough enters the City with "about 200 horsemen three in a row, then a Company of train bands with drums, &c. His own Chariot follow'd with himself and his Dutchess. Then my Dutchess follow'd by 16 Coaches with 6 Horses, and between 30 and 40 with two horses." Upon some occasion of political upheaval, the Earl of Oxford is "hiss'd all the way by the mob, and some of them threw halters into his coach." Lord Bingley is "beaten by mistake coming out of his house." Such was the Georgian mob! Our "proletariat" have their tavern doors shut in their faces, and their beer taxed out of existence. They exclaim, "What a nuisance!" Is it industrialism or what, that has drawn the old lion's teeth?

Of Macaulay, Bernard Shaw I think, observed, he realized that in Swift, the English had an author "worth stealing." This impression these letters tend to modify. Ireland to the Dean, who took a degree from Oxford, and never forgot his English parentage, appeared "a most obscure disagreeable country," the capital of which was "a Place every way contemptible in it self." "No men in Dublin go to Taverns who are worth sitting with." "We live here among a Million of wants, and where ever[y]body is a Thief." When twenty-two years of age, and for the five impressionable years which followed, Swift was confidential secretary to Sir William Temple. In this capacity he conversed with English men of culture, frequented English coffee-houses, steeped himself in the English tradition in letters, identified himself with the English way of life. The country whence a man derives his youthful vivid impressions, may justly claim some share of the credit if he turns out a genius.

Every public library should secure a copy of this work for its illuminating introduction, scholarly notes and preface, and for these fascinating letters with their authoritative picture of one of the most vital and constructive periods in our history.

KENNETH HARE.

The Theatre

THE THEATRE AND A CHANGING CIVILISATION. By THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY. (John Lane. 3s. 6d.)

M. KOMISARJEVSKY and Mr. Gordon Craig have two things in common; they are both theatrical producers of genius and they both from time to time put pen to paper, and although they each have something interesting to say, they consistently write in a style of English prose which is exceedingly difficult to read with patience. The present book is, however, obviously the fruit of wide reading and great theatrical experience, and it may confidently be recommended to anybody who is interested in the fascinating subject of the European theatre.

The author pays generous tribute to Mr. Craig's contribution to modern theatrical production, and he quotes a passage from Isadora Duncan's *My Life*, referring to Mr. Craig's set for Duse's production of *Rosmersholm*. "Was this the living-room of Rosmersholm? I do not know what Ibsen would have thought. Probably he would have been—as we were—speechless, carried away." It seems to the present reviewer not only a probability but an absolute certainty that if Ibsen had lived to see Mr. Craig's set, he would have had a great deal to say, and that if he had been carried away at all, it would only have been upon a stretcher.

The possession of a sense of humour is an asset of importance in the equipment of an historian; one who on page 22 can write such a sentence as "Nemirovitch-Danchenko produced a dull version of *Carmen* on my lines" should surely be the first to absolve any reader from the task of ploughing further through a comparatively ungrateful furrow, but the conscientious reviewer puts duty before pleasure and waits for his eventual guerdon, which will, he fears, in any case be meagre. He is to some extent rewarded by the following passage:—"The decadent style of acting. . . . which was used in the 'bloody' pre-Shakespearean plays," since either adjective would be equally applicable to most of the dramatic performances and works seen on the London stage to-day. M. Komisarjevsky does not profess to deal with modern dramatic literature, but he writes pregnantly of its exponents. "Fortunately for nineteenth-century actors they could not become stars in their young days. Modern actors, unfortunately, can. After a couple of years of stereotyped abuse and exploitation of the *paying* side of themselves, the young stars of to-day are soon unable to make even effective use of this."

The book is full of misprints and full of passages designed to

irritate, such as the description of Sarah Bernhardt as an "acting automaton," but it abounds with observations of importance, such as this:—"For an historian of the theatre to base his conclusions merely on newspaper criticisms is flippant, to say the least of it." And the author's remarks on the present conditions in London to-day, which centre round "The English theatre is struggling at the present time to free itself from the clutches of the commercial manager," are very well worthy of serious study.

WILLIAM KING.

Divorce in England

A LETTER TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER APPROACHING MARRIAGE. By AMBROSE HOOPINGTON. (Nonesuch Press. 3s. 6d.)

FEW things in English life reveal the national love of games more strikingly than our legal procedure. Particularly is this noticeable in the Divorce Court, where the sporting atmosphere is at once apparent. Not only does it affect the professional players engaged on either side—the solicitors and counsel—but also the Judge (or referee), the spectators and even the unfortunate litigants. A hotly contested divorce case, when the parties are socially prominent and the rival K.C.s well-known performers, arouses almost as much interest as the Eton and Harrow match. Up till a few years ago the entire nation followed these sporting events, with absorbed attention, in the Sunday newspapers. Now, by a cruel enactment, the excitement is limited to the actual participants and the handful of "fans" who can secure admission to the public gallery. Not only is the method of obtaining a divorce in this country a complicated game of skill, with an incredibly elaborate and complex system of rules and regulations, it is also a dramatic performance in which one half of the cast, the "all whites," must assume the rôle of innocence, and the other half, the "all blacks," that of guilt. Alas, the divorce game is no cleaner than the turf or the boxing ring; and a good deal of graft and dirty work goes on behind the scenes. For example, it often happens that even the choice of colour by the contestants is determined, not by the facts of the case, nor the justice of the dispute, but by the result of collusive arrangements and secret bargaining.

To the young lady about to marry nothing is more essential than that she should obtain preliminary knowledge both of her rights and privileges as a wife and of what she must do, should she find matrimony irksome, in order to obtain her release on advantageous terms. In Mr. Ambrose Hoopington's clear, concise and worldly-wise "letter" she will find all the information she requires, stated with an engaging wit and an amount of human sympathy that is all too rare in the profession which he adorns. His advice on how to dress for the witness box is almost feminine in its understanding. "Do not wear your newest clothes," he warns, "for looking too attractive might cast doubts on your respectability. . . . Firstly, you must wear a hat. . . . Secondly, you should wear nothing which is not officially modest. No decree has ever been granted to a lady in beach pyjamas or grey flannel trousers; and stockings are almost obligatory. On the other hand, do not over-dress the part; a petitioner who appeared in deep mourning or dressed as a nun would certainly excite suspicion. And, thirdly, be particular to have a large white handkerchief in case you should find it necessary to burst into convulsive sobbing, on being asked a question to which it is difficult to find a satisfactory answer."

Of the unexpected dangers which may arise out of disputed domicile, Mr. Hoopington gives some startling examples and describes the circumstances in which "you can be imprisoned for bigamy in England after you have contracted a valid marriage in the United States." On the other hand, he advises his fair correspondent "not to be too easily depressed at your chances of defending a divorce," for "even where the facts seem to be against you the law steps in with various helpful provisions. For example, the jealous or indifferent husband who returned from two years' absence abroad to find his wife in course of having a baby might, while congratulating her upon the event, congratulate himself no less on having secured unimpeachable evidence of her adultery. But he would be wrong, as badly wrong as other litigants who think they know enough law without consulting their solicitors. For in such a case the husband is met by the rule forbidding proof of non-access. . . ."

As propaganda for divorce law reform this brilliant exposure of the absurdities of the existing system should prove highly effective.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

Coloured Counties

ENGLISH COUNTRY. Edited by H. J. MASSINGHAM. (Wishart. 7s. 6d. net.)

AN alphabetical arrangement brings Mr. H. E. Bates' essay on "The Ouse and Nez" to the front of this book. The effect is so chilling that some readers may be disinclined to continue. But, although there is a recurring pessimism in the following chapters, it is never again expressed with the bitterness that Mr. Bates commands, a bitterness that is easily understood by any who know even a little of his triangle of country, with Thrapston, St. Neots and Olney as the points. Mr. John Collier is too much a fighter to be called a pessimist; there is something almost unseemly in his tour of Northernmost Hampshire. The anger of Mr. W. H. Davies, in his Cotswold ramble, is healthy enough to suggest that, if we would only leave it to him, the countryside could soon be put right. Nor can Sir William Beech Thomas and Mr. Ivor Brown, the rich romantics of this assembly, be called pessimists, so occupied is the one with the *minutiæ* of description and the other with the fine phrase for writing. As for Mr. R. H. Mottram, he is in doubt. He has been, "for the nonce," Mr. Newcome, who has taken Laurel Cottage at Harsenham on lease. He has been taking a walk on a fine spring Sunday with Ambrose Bullen, and while that Norfolk dumpling has been telling him what's best, he himself has been musing on the past and future of Harsenham. "I am so fond of Harsenham because so much of it has changed so little since the thirteenth century. At the gate of the vicarage, Ambrose says to me: 'Fare ye well!' I reply: 'Fare ye well!' and wonder if we shall."

Yet Mr. H. J. Massingham in his editorial introduction stresses "the awareness of the enduringness of English country" which animates many of this company of writers. Mr. Timperley, pointing to the Wrekin, calls it "the symbol of intransience"; Mr. Hendy shows Exmoor as a clear-cut locality; Mr. Street tells of the peace of self-supporting Wiltshire, and Mr. Ellis Roberts, meditating, believes that the older Dorset is more real than its imposed modernities. So also Miss Sackville-West on Kent's rusticity and Mr. Blunden, a dream on the Sussex downs. All these appear to encourage the hope that provincial self-reliance is yet strong enough to resist the horror of total centralization.

"What a living history," Mr. Blunden exclaims, "that noble little city of Chichester is! I hope it is not to be jockeyed out

of its own simple character of communicative quietness." That, too, did I hope, fervently, when last I sat in the Cathedral nave and listened to the street-drill shaking the stained glass far more effectively than the sounding of a thirty-two foot organ pipe.

Each essay is prefaced by a photograph, beautiful in itself and more so in its enhancement of the text. Those taken by Mr. Edgar Ward of " Mill on the Stour " and " A Norfolk Mill " and by Mr. E. E. Kirby of the Ouse are masterpieces of observation.

BASIL MAINE.

Books Recommended

EARLY MORNING. R. H. MOTTRAM. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

THE MONGOLS OF MANCHURIA. OWEN LATTIMORE. (Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.)

SOLDIER'S WIFE. CONAL O'RORDAN. (Arrowsmith. 7s. 6d.)

PLEASURE TROVE. E. V. LUCAS. (Methuen. 6s.)

NEWSPAPER HEADLINES. HEINRICH STRAUMANN. (Allen and Unwin. 10s.)

LAMB ALWAYS ELIA. EDITH C. JOHNSON. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

COBDEN. IAN BOWEN. (Duckworth. 2s.)

NOTED IRISH LIVES. JOHN MITCHEL. LOUIS WALSH. SARSFIELD.

THE HARSH VOICE. REBECCA WEST. (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.)

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

MANY people are off or are planning to leave for South Africa. Gradually it is being recognized that South Africa as a winter resort has advantages surpassing any other part of the British Dominions to those who wish to escape the chills of our unreasonable winter clime. And the seventeen days' journey there is one of the finest sea voyages that can be taken either for invalid or traveller. How many people realize that the area of the Union of South Africa exceeds the total combined areas of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Holland and Belgium, or not far short of ten times the size of England, Scotland and Wales, and there is a most remarkable uniformity of temperature throughout the country? Summer sunshine in South Africa can be found throughout the winter months of our climate.

* * *

SINCE the war so many parents have sent their sons fruit farming and have followed them themselves to the land of sunshine that it is little wonder South African fruits are finding their way in increased quantities to the homeland. Over 100,000 tons of oranges are now exported annually and on many farms £2,000 is taken for a ten-acre orange grove. There is to-day also a big home market for South African peaches and nectarines. Time was when these fruit delicacies were very expensive. South Africa's fruit production places them to-day on the tables of every fruit lover.

* * *

DOCTORS who recommend fruit as a most valuable article of diet should bless South Africa for her fruit exports to this country, for South African oranges arrive here when the supply from other parts of the world is at its lowest, and when people in the summer months appreciate the fruit most. If deciduous fruit can be exported so readily from South Africa the time is coming when the problem of exporting sub-tropical fruits of the country will be solved. Then mangoes, avocadoes and pawpaws will be exported as readily as bananas and pineapples are to-day. And, let me add, South African pineapple has no superior, despite all that can be said of the famous Hawaiian product.

* * *

THERE is so much talk here of reviving our agricultural industry that I marvel that many interested in agriculture do not essay the chance of testing it in South Africa. There are many wonderful farming opportunities in South Africa, for 42 per cent. of the Union's population is rural, interested in every type of farming, with livestock, wheat, maize, fruit, tobacco, sugar, poultry, bees, dairying, wool, wattle bark, citrus, and cotton. And let us not forget that viticulture came into being with early Huguenot settlers, and Cape wines to-day are most popular. The first Cape wine I ever drank was in the old Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square, on which now stands the London House of the South African Government.

* * *

UEEN Mary's favourite fruit is a nectarine. Her Majesty no less than her subjects appreciates the fact to-day that Cape peaches and nectarines are at the price of out-of-season fruit.

* * *

HE Gordon Highlanders are just back from Palestine. They, like other units, appreciate the new Army diet which gives a generous supply of fruit whenever sible. In Palestine they had oranges of the famous Jaffa groves. They and ers can have them here in larger quantities than ever before, for I hear Germany "put up the shutters" against them and takes in only the small orange, so re is more available for those who like them, and who does not?

* * *

HAD an opportunity recently of comparing the merits of the all-steel railway coaches, which are a feature of German and U.S.A. railways, and those of our main s which combine timber and timber framing in conjunction with steel under-nes, the standard practice of British main lines. Without a doubt ours are the st comfortable in every way. They ride easier, there is greater resilience, and comfort of the passenger is increased. Colonel A. C. Trench of the Ministry of nsport states authoritatively that the practice of combining timber and steel epresented in 80 per cent. of the construction of our new rolling stock. The .R. are building ten new corridor trains and the L.N.E.R. three hundred and en carriages. For comfort, too, of the travelling public the steel sleeper will er supplant the wooden one.' German railways used steel sleepers extensively, cially on the frontiers, but the idea was no doubt to have steel posts available defensive use in trenches.

* * *

HIS winter, as far as I hear, Spain is very popular with tourists and travellers. Friends of mine went to the old-world Basque country and then on to Barcelona. Spanish people are invariably most courteous and considerate to visitors, happily the money exchange being in our favour makes a visit there probably expensive than any other place on the Continent. Let me recommend, ever, intending travellers to map out their journeyings before they leave. velling conditions in Spain are not uniform, and in consequence a visit to the ish Tourist Bureau of 199 Piccadilly, conducted by Major W. T. Blake, e name is well known in every part of Spain and particularly in Gibraltar, be most helpful. All difficulties will be solved and expert advice obtainable members of his Staff who know the country from A to Z.

* * *

RITING of the Continent reminds me that the world-famous Leipzig International Spring Fair will be held from the 3rd to the 10th of March. ould be difficult to say what this great Fair does not attract in the way of its, but it has separate fairs for Samples, Textiles, Office Requisites, State ture, Sports Goods, Books, Optical, Cinema and Photographic Industries, neering, and Building to mention some of them. There is a first class German mation Service for intending Buyers and Exhibitors and Overseas visitors very attention. The extent of this great Fair can be judged when it is stated are over 8,000 exhibitors alone from no less than 25 different countries.

* * *

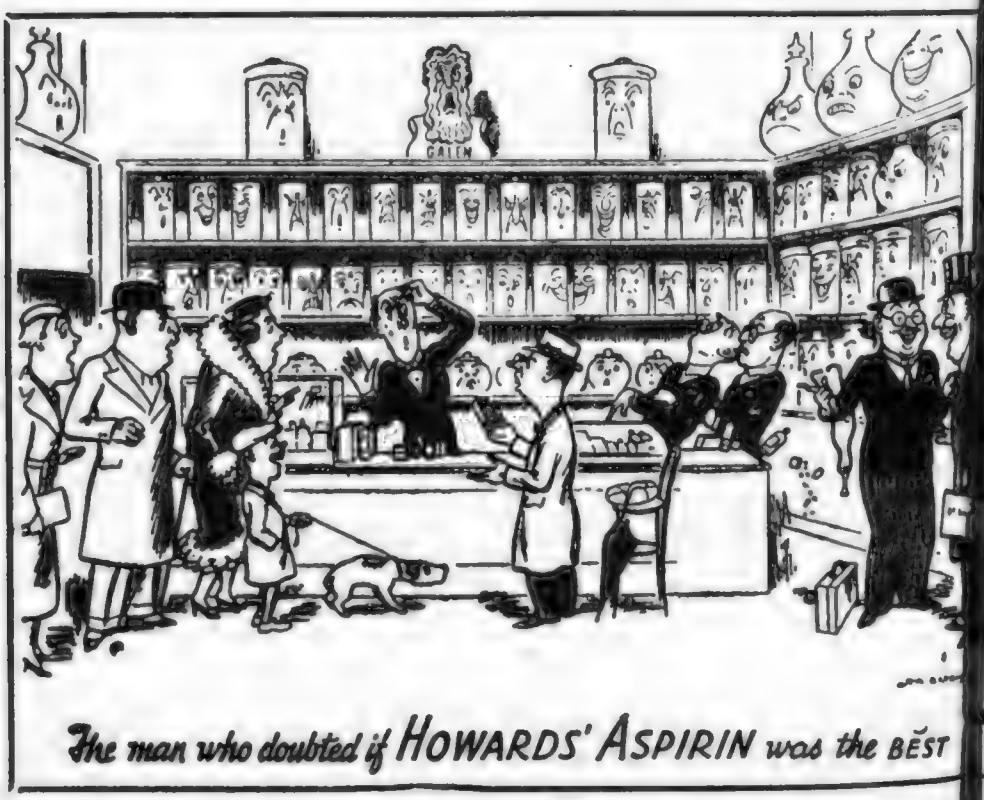
IT seems quite definite that there must be a slump in the hitherto all-conquer Irish Sweep. It will take a deal of checking even if our postal authorities get v busy, for there are so many ways of getting "forbidden fruit" and aeropla have made it easy to avoid too inquisitive postal officials. It is not difficult to d large consignments of tickets on the Welsh or Northern moors or on Exmoor, indeed, any lonely place, nor to fly low and pick up bundles of counterf Refuelling in the air is much more difficult than taking in sweepstake par Still, from what I can gather, there is not the usual sang-froid in Dublin about future of the Sweep. Lack of publicity here must mean in the long run lac interest.

* * *

I HEARD a definition of a General the other day from a cockney soldier . "A good dinner with a belt around it." The General in question enjoyed immensely.

* * *

THE soldiers of the League of Nations have done well. The election is c without any casualties. What must be very consoling to our War Of authorities about this bloodless "police victory" is the fact that the Bri standard of feeding their men has been an object of envy to the soldiers of other nations. The new Army scale of feeding is in strict conformity with mod ideas. The daily food values of every soldier is Calories 3,934; Protein 13 grammes; Fats 174·82 grammes; Carbohydrates 424·67 grammes. And I le it at that. My chemical friends can work out the constituents. Perhaps I next month.



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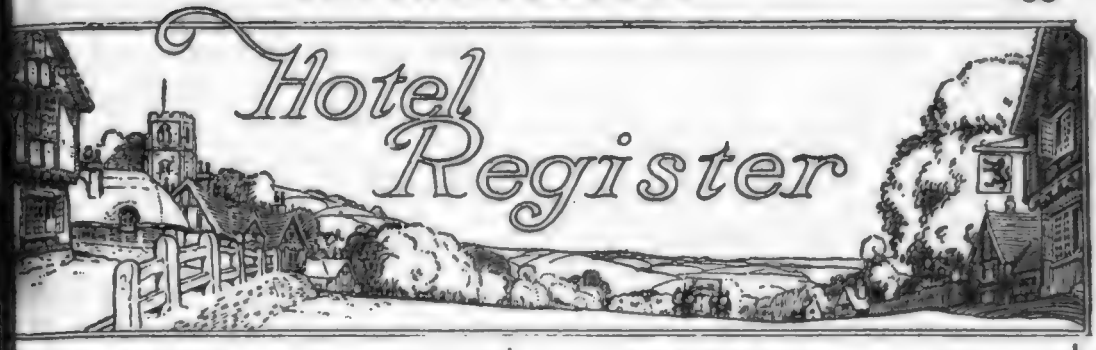

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29th Year of Publication

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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TWO STEEPLES LTD., WIGSTON, LEICESTERSH